THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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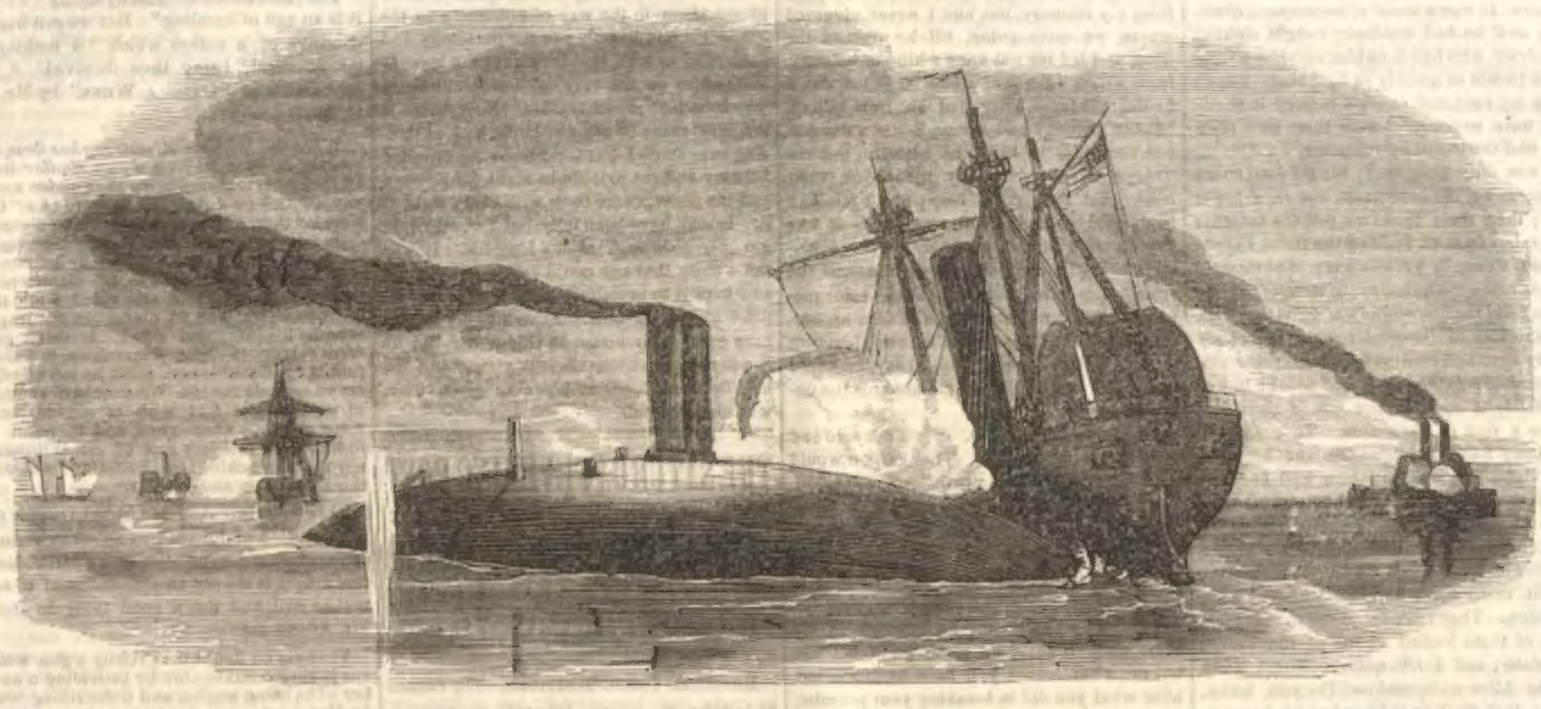

THE REBEL STEAM RAM MANASSAS ENDEAVORING TO SINK THE U. S. STEAMER MISSISSIPPI BELOW NEW ORLEANS BY RUNNING INTO HER.

The above sketch is from "Frank Leslie," and is said to have been made by Mr. Waud, the artist of that paper, who was in the main-top of the Mississippi at the time. The Mississippi managed to receive the stroke of the ram indirectly, and thus escaped injury, while seriously punishing her assailant with her heavy guns.

LOVE'S WORD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGIAN C. SHEPHERD.

'Twas on a cheerless, winter's day,
That we without a sigh
Stood tearless—nay, almost with smiles,
And breathed the last good-bye.
Oh! God, how proud were both our hearts,
Too proud to say forgive;
We parted knowing that for each
Henceforth 't were woe to live.

Yet once we two together roved
Down by the moon-lit stream,
Lost unto all the world beside,
Wrapt in love's blinding dream.
Our vows seemed Heaven-registered,
Thy heart seemed all my own,
And oh! these weary hours prove
Mine throbbed for thee alone.

And yet we parted—lightly too,
Without a tear or sigh—
But half my life-light faded out,
As thou did'st breathe good-bye.
And once within my quiet room,
Hidden from watchful eyes,
I could not check the blinding tears,
Nor still the heavy sighs.

They tell me woman's pride is great,
Aye, mightier than her love;
But 'tis not so—list—list to me,
Love's mightier power I'll prove.
I ask thee by the sunny hours
That brightened life's drear way,
By all love's holy memories,
Come back to me I pray!

MY FIRST AND LAST PARTNER.

Mrs. Major C——— was known to most of the good society of Bath within the last twenty years, as one of the latest representatives of the world of beauty and fashion which existed in George III.'s time. In her youth, she had seen Garrick, sat to Reynolds, and been presented to Horace Walpole. In later years she had helped to make up rubbers at Mrs. Piozzi's card-parties, heard court-gossip from Cornelia Knight, and sat silent, as all mortals were compelled to do, under the mighty and magniloquent tongue of Madame d'Arblay. Having seen and heard so much, Mrs. Major C——— was a great authority in all that regarded the bygone generation. Like most of the ladies she had outlived, her faculties were kept in good repair to the last; she was cheerful, social, and in a manner active, up to fourscore, ready for all amusements, inclined to youthful dressing, and very determined to have her say. Mrs. Major C——— had been lively all her days, a bit of a coquette of the harmless kind; she had been known to carry on a flirtation in her seventieth year, and is traditionally said to have rouged for the last party at which she ever appeared. The old lady had lived in good, or at least in gay company from her youth; she had seen Bath at the head of its profession as a watering-place, she had seen it decline before the rising glory of Brighton; but at Bath her head-quarters continued to be for more than half a century; and one of the traditions of the place was, that Mrs. Major C——— had never been seen at a ball, or known to enter a room where dancing was going on, if she could help it.

This was a singular whim or antipathy for a lady otherwise so lively; yet the fact had been handed down from her contemporaries, and was confirmed by later experience. Mrs. Major C——— had never danced, so far as anybody knew, nor ever cared to look at dancing. There were a dozen strange tales to account for it; the most of which had come out of Gloucestershire, her native county, and varied between accidents to her own toes and the breaking of somebody's heart.—The old lady had never thought proper to set her friends right on the subject; their endeavors to ferret out an explanation had been politely foiled at many a quiet tea-table and friendly call. But few people care to die with their secret untold; and after sixty-three years of discreet silence, Mrs. Major C——— chose, in her eightieth winter, to reveal hers one evening to a small group of intimates, young and old, who had gathered round her genial fireside, got into familiar talk, and by some accidental words, which, though one of the company, I did not observe at the time, and cannot recall now, unlocked that dark closet of the old lady's memory.

"I was never at a ball but once," said she, leaning back in her easy-chair, "and I never wanted to go to another, which you may think strange, for I was just seventeen when that one came off; but it happens to be true, and as the folks are all dead and gone that were concerned in it, I will tell you the story. I was brought up in the Forest of Dean, where my father was a country squire, but, unlike the country gentry of that day, both he and my mother were strict Methodists.—We lived in a fine old Hall, pleasantly situated on the side of a wooded hill sloping down to the Severn. The seats and mansions of the county gentry lay all around. They were social in the Forest then, whatever they may be now; there were hunts and picnics, Christmas parties and birthday balls. We had always been reckoned among the county families, and not one of the least consideration, I can tell you, for the Hall and lands had been ours before the Reformation. The best of them would have been willing to have us for associates; but my father and mother considered all sports and merry-makings as so many byways to the kingdom of darkness.—No earthly power could persuade the one to join the hunt, or the other to appear at anything but a serious party. When a company of strolling players happened to visit the neighborhood—there were no other theatricals to be found in the Forest at that time—they never rested till the whole troop and their profane devices were got out of it for some infraction of parish rules or ordinances. Picnics were bad, parties were bad, plays were bad, but by far the worst—in short, the high road to Satan, in their reckoning—was a ball.

"I was their only daughter out of seven children, and much indulged in a pious way; yet for me to mention, much less expect to attend, such a gathering of sin as a dancing-party, would have drawn down upon me their fiercest indignation, and most abundant lecturing. We had no company at the Hall but Wesleyan preachers on their rounds; two or three serious farmers of the better sort, whom my parents called brethren; and a couple of reduced gentlewomen. These last were old maids, and also devout Methodists, and my mother set them before my youth as examples of all that was praiseworthy. I have no doubt they were excellent women, and so most certainly was my mother, though she mistook, as many otherwise good and honest people have done, narrow-minded ascetism for piety, and the necessary recreations and enlivenments of life for sin.

"No merry-makings were allowed, or even talked of in our house, but, nevertheless, I had a knowledge that such things existed.—The majority of our relations, numerous as they were in Gloucestershire, had grown cool, or been quarrelled with on account of Methodism; but we had an aunt with two grown daughters, living in the Cathedral Close, in the ancient city of Gloucester, with whom a correspondence was still maintained. My aunt was a widow with rather limited means. My two cousins, Grace and Alice, were handsome girls, taller than myself, some years older, anxious about their looks, their society, and their settlements. When my aunt and cousins visited at our house, they were always serious, wore high dark-colored dresses, plain bonnets, and no curls. They could all talk a good deal of Methodism too, though I don't know how they learned it; but when the girls and I were alone together, they gave me such accounts of the plays, parties, and balls they attended in Gloucester, that I thought them the happiest people in Europe. Whatever young folks hear of their neighbors having, which they themselves have not, they are apt to crave after—the taste of the forbidden fruit, I suppose; and this was deep in my mind, in spite of the serious bringing up, and the good example I had in the old maids. My mother knew nothing about it; the gay revelations imparted to me by Grace and Alice were given under promise of strict secrecy from mamma, which, besides being bound in honor to keep, was a necessary condition of hearing any more of the kind; and no forbidden novel could give greater delight to the heart of a boarding-school girl than did those private reports of the Gloucester *beau monde* to mine. I don't think my mother was quite convinced of the genuineness of their piety; my aunt's husband had been a canon; there was a brother of hers still in the church; but still the whole family came seriously to the Hall, and executed every kind of small commission for her in Gloucester, which was our chief town. So my mother hoped they were edified by the Wesleyan preachers, invited them on long visits, and sent them well-filled hampers from the orchard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy. In return, she went to see them sometimes—not often, for my mother was a great stayer at home, and her time was much occupied with the poor and the travelling preachers. The doubts I have referred to made her unwilling to let me visit them, except in her own company, when we always found the high dresses on, hymn-books on the table, and the whole house in a state of great sobriety. There was nothing else to be looked for in the presence of mamma, and so going without her for me, until a certain lucky chance, as I thought it, furnished the long-coveted opportunity.

I had caught a severe cold at the beginning of the winter; the cough clung to me week after week; my poor mother grew anxious about me; and our family doctor advised my removal from the cold bleak air of the Forest to that warmer part of Gloucestershire called the Vale, where the town of Gloucester stands. My aunt happened to be visiting us at that time; and, to my boundless joy and gratitude, she at once suggested her own house as the most suitable sojourn. There was no place in all the Vale so warm and sheltered as the Cathedral Close—such a genteel, such a quiet neighborhood, where nothing was to be heard but the playing of the organ and the singing of psalms. Sophy would get quite rid of her cough there, and they would teach her that new sampler-stitch. It would do beautifully to work the slippers for that dear, good, moving man, Mr. Grimshaw—a powerful preacher, with a Yorkshire twang, to whom my mother had taken a special fancy. My cough increased amazingly after the making of that proposal, and it succeeded in overcoming my mother's scruples against the Cathedral Close. I was allowed to return with my aunt, enjoined to get quit of the cold, learn the sampler-stitch, and not allow myself to be led into frivolities. Of course, I promised everything, and so did my aunt; and to do us both justice, we had some intention of keeping at least the letter of our promises. Things went on very soberly for some time after my arrival in Gloucester; my aunt and cousins thought seriousness a good thing, and wanted to please my mother. I saw the sights of the quiet old town, the castle, the mineral wells, the Assembly Rooms—that is to say, the outside of them; and matters went on in the strictest line of duty till about the middle of December, when the whole family got an invitation to Lady Tracy's ball.

I shall never forget their faces round the breakfast-table when the maid brought in the note. "Left by Lady Tracy's footman, mum," said she. My aunt broke the seal, read it first to herself, then handed it to Alice, who read and passed it on to Grace: she was always the proudest of being in good society, and before anybody could stop her, read it aloud.

"You'll never have sense, Grace," said her mother.

"Where is the use in making a secret of it? You know we must go, and we will go. Wasn't it kind of her to invite Sophy?" said triumphant Grace.

Yes, I had been invited; with my own ears, I heard that Lady Tracy would be happy to see the young relative who, she understood, was now a visitor at their house.

"It was kind of her," said my aunt, having got over the first shock of it; "and I'll allow it would be a nice opportunity for Sophy to see genteel life; but what would her mother say?"

"She needn't know anything about it," said Alice. That suggestion broke down the last barrier of conscience between me and the denounced frivolities. To see a real ball at the house of a Gloucester fashionable—to look on the dresses, to hear the music, to behold the dancing, to go down to supper, and up to the minuet, as my cousins had so often described these things, was too strong a temptation to be resisted by the virtue of seventeen.

"I am sure mamma need not know," said I; "and I should so like to go just this once, if you will let me, aunt." I felt the tears coming into my own eyes; I knew my cousins liked me, and my aunt was good-natured to a fault.

"I don't think it any harm myself, and I wouldn't stand against your going, Sophy," she said; "but, my dear, you have no ball-dress; there is scarcely time to get one, and I am sure your mother would not allow the money for it."

"Oh, dear, we forgot that," said Grace and Alice, with uncommonly blank faces. I knew they had nothing to spare, and would find it rather difficult to get their own finery up; but resources were always my first thought. I pulled out the little purse containing all my pocket-money, and emptied it on the tablecloth.

"Only two guineas and a half," said the keen-sighted Grace; "my dear, that would never do. Your mother might have allowed you more than that, coming to Gloucester; but she can't, I suppose, giving so much to those Methodist preachers. But stay a minute. Mamma, might not Sophy get a dress quite cheap and good enough for the one evening from Mrs. Jenkins the wardrobe-woman? Miss Smithson's maid told our Sally that she got that beautiful gauze we saw at the quadrille-party there."

"I daresay she might, and we could make it fit her; but I am afraid Sophy can't dance," said my aunt.

It was true I could not; the exercise in question being regarded as a special piece of the Old Serpent's policy, had been of course forbidden to me; but Grace had not exhausted her expedients.

"Never mind; I'll teach her a minuet, that easy one they call Mecklenburg—Queen Charlotte's, you know—she'll learn it in no time. Alice, you'll write to accept the invitation. Sophy and I will go off to Mrs. Jenkins's; I want a bit of lace to make us tuckers and trim your cap, mamma; but I should like to see her frock got first."

My active cousin and I repaired to Mrs. Jenkins's shop: it was a very respectable one of the kind; the good woman boasted that she bought and sold nothing but real gentry's clothes. Grace had many tales of the beautiful things quite new and got for half nothing by her acquaintances of limited means; and under her management, I obtained an amber-colored taffeta, trimmed with purple satin. It was rather a conspicuous dress, but fashionably made, not the least soiled, and almost a perfect fit. Mrs. Jenkins said she would not have let it go so cheap, but there were very few it would answer; the young lady who wore it first must have been uncommonly slender, as I was then, but she added: "I don't know who it was; the dress came to me by an honest poor woman who gathers the like for me through the country; and I think she got it somewhere up in Somersetshire, at the house of a clergyman; so you see it's quite respectable."

We returned in triumph to the Cathedral Close. My dress was pronounced a decided bargain, and quite the thing for Lady Tracy's ball. It certainly was a surprising fit; and my aunt and cousins agreed that its original owner, if the dress became her at all, must have resembled me in complexion as well as in figure, for the strongly contrasted colors suited me exactly. We had a deal more to think of in the ten days of preparation then allowed for first-class assemblies; there were the tuckers, the lace lappets, the washes for our faces, the red heels of our shoes to be looked to. I think we had all twinges of conscience, too, for the deceit about to be practised on my mother; they should have been worst with me, but I had Queen Charlotte's minuet to learn—*Minuet de Mecklenbourg*, as the French dancing-master called it. I never knew how Grace got him bribed or coaxed (for I am sure he was not paid) to come over one or two evenings from his seminary in the next street, and give me a private lesson, by way of finishing off her efforts. I learned the minuet even to his satisfaction. I got reconciled, by help of frequent practice at the glass, to my own appearance in the amber and purple: I got my conscience quieted also even to the wearing of rouge, indispensable for good company at that period; I got my hair dressed the night before, as every body did for balls; and sat up with my cousins till the morning, that the gummed curls might get time to dry, and keep properly in their places, which never required less than four-and-twenty hours. How easily people dress and go to balls in these days; and how odd one would look with those tiers of gummed curls, mounted on stiff wires, and pads of horse-hair; yet there was something grand and worth looking at in that old style; it made one a foot taller. Ladies did look ladies then, with their towering head-dresses, open skirts, brocaded petticoats, and high red heels. Don't laugh, girls; your own fashionable evening-dresses will look quite as queer to your grandchildren. But to go on with my story. We sat up all night—I mean my cousins and self, for my aunt, being in the dowager class, did not require such a high gumming, and could go to bed. Half the time we talked, the rest we read Miss Burney's novel, "*A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*;" It was the great work of the day, and had got the length of Gloucester, where, let me tell you, there was a good deal of gentility, and Lady Tracy was reckoned to stand at the head of it. My cousins told me so much about her in the days of preparation and the night of curl-drying, that I knew all her history as well as any of the towns-people, and the subsequent events at her ball stamped it on my memory. She was not only connected with the best of the county families, but famous for a kind of hereditary talent, said to be possessed by all the ladies of her line, for managing mankind in general, and those of her own house in particular.

The lady was a Tracy by birth as well as by marriage. By-the-by, it is a very old name in Gloucestershire. Her late husband, Sir Edward, had also been her cousin. The Tracies had a habit of marrying their cousins; people were not sure whether it was pride or prudence that got them into it, but Sir Edward had died many years before, leaving one daughter and one son. The son was by five years the younger; he was heir to the title and estate; but the latter was not large. The Tracys had always lived handsomely, and never would condescend to do anything that might improve their property, because it looked like trade or business, which they counted entirely beneath them; and the property was heavily encumbered with Lady Tracy's jointure, a provision for her maiden sister, Miss Tracy, who had always lived in the house, and a marriage-portion for the daughter, Miss Agnes.

It was therefore thought requisite that young Sir Edward—they kept that name in the family from one generation to another—should look out for a fortune with his bride. His mother undertook that business, as she did everything else; for according to the belief of all Gloucester, there was nothing in the way of management her ladyship could not do, and had not done. From the poorest cottager to the richest farmer on the estate, from the green-grocer and the milkman in town, up to Sir Edward and all his relations, Lady Tracy had ruled, directed, and governed them and their affairs. Her maiden sister, Miss Tracy, was generally allowed to be a considerable help. Miss Agnes had been "brought out" for some years, and was also an acknowledged assistant. Among the three, young Sir Edward was believed to be the best managed man in the west country; they had sent him to school, they had sent him to college, they had told him what to do at all times and places, they had seen that he did it, and they had determined on marrying him to Lady Sarah Harvey, one of the Bristol family, and a great fortune; by-the-by, they said it came from an uncle in the West Indies the Harveys were not at all proud of. It was whispered Lady Sarah had been born somewhere in that quarter; and whether she had a right to the title or not, everybody gave her credit for woolly hair, an unusually dark complexion, and a decidedly African nose. This lady Sir Edward was appointed to marry by his managing mother, aunt, and sister. She was believed to be nothing loth. Sir Edward was tall, fair complexioned, and handsome, as all the Tracys had been; his family was old and good, and maybe L-

Sarah could not do better. In short, the marriage was a settled thing; the town gossips were sure it would come off very soon, for the bridegroom-elect had passed his majority two years, and nothing but his having been abroad making the grand tour was thought to have p stponed the happy day.—The Tracys—that is to say, the three ladies—had read his letters from Rome, Florence, and Venice, to their admiring friends, and given splendid details of his reception in the best salons of Paris—the wits that had complimented, the duchesses that had been smitten by him, the route given in his honor by nobles and ambassadors. People did not believe the whole of it; the tales were sometimes over-grand; but everybody was certain that Sir Edward had been seeing the world, and learning foreign fashions, ever since his twentieth year, when he left Cambridge rather abruptly.

There was concerning that a story which the Tracys did not tell; it had never been more than whispered about in Gloucester, for the dread of the managing ladies lay heavy on the minds of its most devoted gossips. It was now all but forgotten; but the substance was, that the daughter of a portrait-painter, much employed by university men, had made an impression, nobody could say how deep, on the heart of the son and heir. They had got acquainted somehow in sittings; they had been seen taking quiet walks together; the confidential friends of both parties had been heard to talk of an engagement, with exchange of rings and vows, to be fulfilled when young Tracy was Sir Edward and his own master. But the three at home got scent of the secret, it was thought from his college tutor, who knew the family had a living to bestow, and sadly wanted one, being long in orders and out of place. They had all three business in Cambridge directly, made Edward show them over the university, went and sat to the painter for their portraits, contrived to get acquainted with him in a patronizing way, took a deep interest in his daughter; she was the eldest of ten children, I believe. They had very private talk with her and her parents about risks that young people ran in a university town, the deceitfulness of men, and the necessity of getting her settled; in short, they talked the poor people into their way of thinking. It was rather quickly done, I'll allow; but high-handed gentry could do a deal more at that time than they can at present; and before the three Tracys came back to Gloucester, the painter's daughter was married to Edward's college tutor, and packed off with him to the family living. How far the young man took it to heart could not be ascertained; but he left college some weeks after, though it was the middle of the term, and went on his travels to make the grand tour.

He had been nearly three years absent, and as many months at home, when the ball was given in honor of his birthday. It fell on the 21st of December, the shortest day in all the year, but one which I have remembered long enough, and not without good cause. The festival was held at the family town-house. West country gentry kept town-houses in Gloucester then; it was an older and better established place than Bath, and thought more genteel than Bristol, because there was not so much trading there. Tracy House was reckoned one of the finest. Some tradesmen have got better houses now; but it had stood for more than two hundred years in Old Vale Street, substantially built of brick, and consisting of four low stories, the company-rooms on the first floor, all but the ball-room, which was on the ground, and partitioned off the kitchen; so the dancers got a knowledge of what they might expect for supper; but it was a known fact that Lady Tracy spared no expense on wax-candles, cut flowers, and the best chalkers.

After sitting up the night before, and dozing most of the day on our chairs, we got our curls as dry and stiff as heart could wish. My aunt said she never saw heads in better order after the washes, the dressing, the rouging. This last went most against my conscience, but it had to be done, and when it was done I felt certain my mother would not have known me. Our toilets were pronounced complete by half-a-dozen old friends who gathered in to drink tea and admire us. Our chairs were called, and for the first time in my life I went in a sedan to meet good company. I need not tell you what a bustle there was in Old Vale Street; a ball in those days upset not only the neighborhood, but the entire town. The chairmen pushing, swearing, and occasionally fighting with their poles; the clusters of heads thrust out at every window and door; the crowd of inferior people in the street making as much noise as they could, and pressing on to see everybody that stepped from a chair; the flare of links and torches, and the general uproar, would have been too much for my rustic senses, but for the greatness of the occasion, and the supporting presence of my aunt and cousins. With them I passed over the carpet extending from the gutter in front of the house to the hall-door, guarded by men with torches and staves, to light the company and keep off the mob, through the row of servants within, who announced us to the ladies of the family at the entrance of the ball-room. They were lady Tracy, Miss Tracy, and Miss Agnes Tracy—tall, bony, plain women, every one of them with looks at once hard and sharp; and thanks to the rouge and gummed curls, nobody could have guessed which was the oldest. I had never seen them in my life before, yet the whole three gave me a stare of amazement, which I am sure they did not mean, for the Tracys were well-bred people; but they recovered their composure the next moment, returned our curtseys—I fear mine was awkwardly made—and gave us the usual compliments and thanks for being so good as to honor their house with our presence; on which my aunt assured them that the honor was done to us; and with all the ceremonies of good breeding we were shown to our seats on one of the lines of chairs and sofas ranged against the wall, where the ladies sat, and the gentlemen stood by till most of the company arrived, and the dancing began.

My aunt presented me to all the Tracys, including Sir Edward, who came to make his compliments as soon as we were seated. He was, as I had been told, a tall, fair-complexioned young man, but very thin, like the rest of his family. His hair was queued in the first style, his shoe and knee buckles were set with diamonds, and his ruffles were of the best point. His manner was polite; and he might have been called handsome, for his features were better than those of the ladies; but there was something sad and sour in his face, which I thought very strange for a young man and a baronet; he spoke little to anybody, had a habit of looking watchfully about him; and I afterwards heard my aunt and cousins saying among themselves how very much Sir Edward was altered by his travels, for all the grand doings he had seen and shared in. For the present, they congratulated him on looking so well, and wished him many happy returns of the day. I did my best to follow their example; but the stare the three ladies gave me had not quite gone off my mind when he came up, and Sir Edward's first look fairly threw me off my balance. It was a scowl of uncommon blackness, as if he had suddenly caught sight of somebody who had done him a serious wrong, but it passed as quickly as lightning. I don't think my aunt and cousins noticed it at all, they were so occupied with their own manners and the incoming company.

I was duly presented; Sir Edward spoke to me as he did to the rest, but in a lower tone; then went to do his devoirs to other ladies, but from all ends of the room I could see him stealthily watching me. The thought of that made me unhappy, in spite of the gay dresses and the fine people who filled the room. All the *elite* of Gloucester were there; my kindly aunt and cousins took both pride and pleasure in pointing them out to me: it was not thought rude in my young days, but rather a sign of distinction. They showed me Lady Sarah in diamonds and brocade; how black she was, and how well her hair suited the queued curls! They also showed me a tall, handsome young officer, then called Lieutenant C——, and supposed to be an admirer of Miss Agnes Tracy. There were a great many more notables, whom I have forgotten. They introduced me to some, but none of them looked at me as the Tracys had done; and I felt quite reassured when Cousin Alice whispered:—"Do you, know, Sophy, that Sir Edward has lost his heart to you; he looks at you from all quarters. Methodist as your mother is, I think she would get over the ball for such a conquest."

Of course I was flattered by the fact of Sir Edward looking at me from all quarters, as any country girl of seventeen would have been. I had not lost my heart to him. I am certain it never could have gone that way; but he was the great man of that society—which seemed to my inexperience the grandest in the world—the owner of an estate, and a baronet. It was no fancy of Cousin Alice; he did look at me from time to time, but not as if he wished to be observed. I couldn't help looking at him in return from behind my fan, the only proper way for a young lady; but when my attention was diverted by the entrance of a great Gloucester lady and her seven daughters—they were all immensely large women, but I have forgotten their names—Sir Edward was suddenly missed out of the room. I saw his mother looking for him; I heard my aunt say: "What has taken him off?" but in a minute or two he was there again, making compliments, receiving congratulations, and casting watchful, stealthy glances at me. Under any other circumstances, I would not have liked him. I did not like to think of the fierce frown he had cast on me at first sight, but my experienced cousin had assured me of a conquest: and it was with a flutter of girlish vanity that I saw the young baronet, after leading Lady Sarah and some of the more distinguished guests through as many minuets, approach and request the honor of my hand for the next. There was nothing ill-natured or envious in my cousins; Alice adjusted my tucker, Grace whispered not to forget that I preferred the *Minuet de Mecklenbourg*. My aunt gave permission for me to dance, which Sir Edward asked in due form; and to my own great amazement and greater pride, I was conducted by the bowing baronet to the clear space in the midst of the room where the dancing went on.

Minuets would be thought a dull business by young folks of these days, but they did not derange the queued curls, or put one's sac out of the proper folds; they did not take up much room either. The clear space I have mentioned was a chalked strip in the centre of the ball-room, extending almost from the entrance-door to one at the further end, which opened on the orangery—an old-fashioned kind of greenhouse, with steps leading down to the garden, for the ground on which Tracy House stood was a perfect slope. The orangery was well kept, and specially decorated for the ball, the shrubs and plants being arranged so as to form a kind of arbor, with two tables in it—one with Sir Edward's birthday presents, set forth in full display, and the other furnished with light refreshments for the ladies who went there to get cool after dancing, and survey the gifts, which, being mostly from the Tracys' rich relatives, were thought well worth seeing. I mention these things that you may understand what followed. In the meantime, I of course preferred the *Minuet de Mecklenbourg*. The orchestra, consisting of two hautboys, and as many violins, were set to the appropriate air. I believe my step would have satisfied the dancing-master in his most scrupulous moment. Cousin Grace smiled approvingly on me from her distant seat, and I heard Lieutenant C—— say to his partner, Miss Agnes:—"From the country, you say; how gracefully she dances!"

We had finished the minuet, and I expected Sir Edward to conduct me to my seat, but instead of doing so, he led me towards the orangery.

"You have not seen my birthday presents yet, nor our two lemon trees, which are counted among the wonders of Gloucester. All the rest of the ladies have seen them; come and see them, too."

And without waiting for my answer, he opened the door, and led me in. I was young, utterly unacquainted with society at the time, and greatly delighted with the notice and honor shown me by the young baronet. Besides, I had seen other ladies go into the orangery with their partners, and though doubtful of what my aunt would say, and rather surprised to see nobody there but ourselves, I found the birthday presents exceedingly engaging. There were silver cups, point ruffles, embroidered night-caps, and snuff-boxes of uncommon shapes and workmanship. Sir Edward showed them all, told me the names and residences of the titled relations from whom they had come, showed me the two lemon trees also—they were as tall as myself—and made several flattering comparisons between me and the surrounding flowers. From seeing him in the ball-room, I never could have imagined he could talk so agreeably. The sadness and sourness were gone from his face; they were gone from my memory, too, and I never observed where we were going, till he opened the door, and led me out upon a kind of balcony, from which a flight of stone steps led down to the garden. They had an iron railing, but the balcony had none; it was a dangerous condition to keep the place in, but the Tracys never spent any money on their house that they could help; and I felt half frightened when the full moonlight—it was the clearest winter weather I ever saw—showed me the unguarded precipice and the wide lonely garden below. At the same moment, I saw Sir Edward rapidly turn an outside key in the door behind us, and then turn to me. Before I knew what to say, he seized me by the arm, and drew me towards the unguarded edge.

"Look down," said he. "Is it not cold and quiet in the moonlight? That garden would be a lovely place for a grave."

"Let us go in," said I, turning from him in mortal terror, for his face had changed to something like the look of a vicious dog about to spring, and I could hear the grinding of his teeth.

"No, we won't go in," he growled, in the same surly tone; "we won't go in till you tell me what brings you here to mock me, after what you did in breaking your promise, and sending me to the madhouse. Yes, it was you that did it all; I was kept under their keepers and straight-waistcoats for nearly three years by your doings; but I'll have revenge. I made this for the keeper one night, but it will do for you."

He had fumbled something out of his dress coat pocket, which I could not see; I think the terror and confusion stupefied me for the moment, and as he spoke, I felt a noose of cord thrown quickly round my neck, and then a violent push, which sent me over the edge of the balcony, while he held the end of the cord in one hand, clutched the iron railing with the other, and planted his feet firmly on the steps. My escape was predestinated, I suppose, for, in the act of falling, my toes caught in a projecting ledge of wall. I never knew the value of life till that moment. With the energy of despair, I flung out my arms, and fortunately caught one of the rails some distance below where he stood, and held on to the ledge of wall with my feet. He saw my advantage. How horrible his face looked in the moonlight, the eyes glaring, and the teeth gnashing, like one possessed.

"Ah, you won't get off; I'll hang you, you perjured witch; you won't send me to the madhouse again." That growl was given in an undertone, and I saw him winding the cord round his hand to tighten it. It was so tight already, that I could utter no sound, and the dreadful feeling of suffocation was on me, but one last expedient for life suddenly occurred to me. With the only hand I had free, I seized the noose, tore the skin off neck and fingers, but succeeded in loosening it sufficiently to utter one scream. I'll never forget the sound of that cry; it must have startled the half of Gloucester. The next thing I remember is a crash of breaking glass, the figure of a man rushing out from the greenhouse, and the sensation of falling. After that, all was blank, till I found myself lying in a bed in Lady Tracy's house, with my aunt, my cousins, and a number of female servants busy about me, strange sounds of confusion coming up from the ground-floor, and above them all, shouts of curses and imprecations in the voice of Sir Edward.

I had been saved from him and his noose by the gallantry and promptitude of young Lieutenant C——, who had seen us go into the organery, heard the cry, and rushed to the rescue. By cutting the cord at once with his penknife, he had let me fall from no great height on a smooth sward which happened to lie below, and then, with the help of some other gentlemen, secured the maniac, for such Sir Edward was by this time, and such I am sorry to say he continued till the end of his days, and they were lengthened out more than forty years after. The explanation of his conduct towards myself seems to be this: the young man's brain had never been strong; indeed, I believe there was madness in the Tracy family, and under that early disappointment at Cambridge it had given way. The grand tour and the brilliant receptions were merely his clever relatives' account of the time he passed in a private asylum. The dress I had bought from Mrs. Jenkins was traced to the clergyman's house in Somersetshire, which happened to be the family living bestowed on his college tutor for taking the painter's daughter so completely out of his way; in fact, it had been worn by her at one of the Cambridge balls, and disposed of as an article too gay for her married days. My resemblance to her in figure and complexion made the dress suit me so well, it probably made the resemblance more perfect; hence the surprised stare of the three ladies, and the illusion which had finally upset Sir Edward's reason, and endangered my life.

I need not tell you that we got home to the Cathedral Close as soon as we could. The ball had been brought to a premature conclusion; the whole company had heard my scream, and the affair could not be kept from becoming public. We were therefore obliged to let my mother know all about it; indeed, every one of us, and particularly myself, considered it a special judgment on our deceit and disobedience. Worthy woman, she first gave thanks for my providential deliverance, then came to Gloucester with all speed, and gave us a sound lecture, which doubtless would have been longer and more impressive, if Lieutenant C—— had not politely called at the time to inquire after my health; and my mother being a gentlewoman as well as a Methodist, took the opportunity to make suitable acknowledgment, and ask him to visit at our house. The lieutenant did visit us in the course of the same winter. He had never been engaged to Miss Agnes Tracy, who, by-the-by, lived and died an old maid, like her aunt. My father and mother both thought him sensible, and hoped to make him serious. He certainly did a good deal to please them in the way of politeness to the old ladies, and listening to the preachers, and succeeded so well, that they gave me leave to marry him on the very day twelvemonth in which he had saved my life. Now, there is the true cause of my dislike to look at dancing ever since I was seventeen; the unrailed balcony and the moonlight night, Sir Edward and his noose, came back with every sight of it. It may have been folly, but I never could get over it throughout my long life. It was not a story that one could tell to everybody, so I kept it to myself; but the Tracys are all dead and gone now. A well-to-do tradesman owns their house in Gloucester, but he is a person of strict religious views, and the last fashionable assembly ever given there was my only ball.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

The menacing rumor of Foreign Intervention has again subsided. The French Minister, it is said in semi-official advices from Washington, went to Richmond with the full acquiescence of the Federal Government, in order that he might see for himself the straits to which the rebels were reduced. It is even averred, both by our own and the English Government, that the action of M. Mercier was taken entirely on his own responsibility, unprompted from home. While the letter purporting to be from the French captain, at New Orleans, to Com. Farragut, is said to be a forgery.

That Intervention should be seriously thought of by England and France, at a moment like the present, when their commercial interests will be best promoted by doing nothing calculated to arrest the progress of the Union arms, is on the face of it a most unlikely story.

France, one would think, would have enough to do with settling the affairs of Mexico, without troubling the United States. Her Intervention there is an undeniable fact, and apparently thus far successful. Almonte, the instrument of the French policy, has got himself proclaimed Dictator, and appears to have quite a considerable party among the Mexicans themselves. The existing government has fled from the city of Mexico, to which the French army is advancing, for the purpose of setting up the new Government of Almonte. The ineffective character of the present Mexican Government is shown by the fact that the French force to which it is yielding, is composed of only about six thousand men. The administration of Juarez has our sympathies, but it is difficult to respect such utter weakness.

What the object of Louis Napoleon is in this Mexican expedition, it is not easy to decide. Some accounts say it is to recover from Mexico certain millions loaned at high rates by certain French speculators to one of the many unsuccessful pretenders to the national authority. Others that the French Emperor is seeking to conciliate the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Europe, by restoring their old possessions and privileges to the Mexican clergy. That Louis Napoleon imagines that he can establish any permanent authority in Mexico, in opposition to the natural and sympathetic influence of the United States, is to give him less credit for sound judgment than is usually awarded him.

——Since writing the above, we see it stated that the Juarez government is making good headway against the French, and that it has not fled from the city of Mexico. What the facts really are, it is at present impossible to say.

THE Annual Address before the Literary Societies of Rutgers' College, New Brunswick, N. J., will be delivered by John S. Hart, LL. D., of Philadelphia, on Tuesday afternoon, June 17th.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

The *Scientific American* says that the famous Armstrong gun "commenced its career as a very complicated breech-loading rifled cannon, made on Prof. Treadwell's plan of hooping with wrought iron. After undergoing various modifications in its details, it next appeared with some mysterious peculiarity which caused it to be called a 'Shunt gun.' By the last arrival from England we learn it is now made with a *smooth bore to be loaded at the muzzle with spherical shot*, with no material peculiarity to distinguish it from any of that large class of cannon which are reinforced with hoops of wrought iron. In other words, Sir William Armstrong has laid aside his gun, and is making the old-fashioned kind of cannon.

"This is an interesting fact in the history of gunnery, but the social and political facts connected with it are far more interesting. It is known that the English government has conferred the honor of knighthood upon Armstrong as a reward for his great invention, and more than $10,000,000 have been paid to him for the guns which have now been laid aside for the old-fashioned cannon."

The *American* concludes by saying "Verily, it is an age of humbug." But we can hardly conceive of a nation which "*is* nothing if not practical," being thus deceived. A recent article in "ONCE A WEEK" by Mr. W. B. Adams, says:

What Sir William Armstrong has done, is to produce in wrought iron a gun similar in all other respects to the ordinary 68-pounder service gun, with all its defects. It is more of a "Carronade" than a "Long Tom," being about 14 diameters in length, smooth bored, and muzzle loading. The gun originally known as the Armstrong gun, was 25 diameters in length, breech loading, and rifled, while that of Whitworth was 35 diameters in length, breech loading, and rifled. If these guns were correct in their proportions, it follows that the reduced length must be incorrect, so far as regards ranges. We should never think of mounting a fort with carronades, or of using them as chase-guns, and therefore we must regard this last gun of Sir William as simply a machine for battering iron-sided ships yard-arm and yard-arm.

Leaving this matter undecided, we may call the attention of our readers to what seems a self evident truth, mentioned by Mr. Adams, that rifling is simply an evil designed to correct an evil, and not a good thing in itself. Mr. Adams says:

There is no doubt that rifling a gun weakens it very considerably by providing a number of twisting angles, and if the rifling could be dispensed with, a great gain would be achieved in many ways. What is the object of rifling? Simply to correct the defects in flight of a badly proportioned shot. If a spherical shot be of cast metal, the chances are that the centre of gravity does not correspond to the centre of force, in which case if the weighted side be accurately in front at the time of discharge, accurate flight may be obtained; but if the weighted side be behind or on one side, erratic and uncertain flight will be obtained. To correct this evil rifling was invented to spin the shot as a boy spins his top, whirling action keeping the irregular form in balance. And if we come to the elongated shot, originally resorted to for the purpose of increasing the weight without increasing the diameter and atmospheric resistance, we should find that if discharged from a smooth bore, their improperly adjusted centre of gravity would induce them to turn over in flight, with entire uncertainty where they would go to.

But if the figure of the shot were so adjusted that it would preserve an even and direct course without spinning, a great gain would be achieved. The gun would be much stronger to resist the strain of the powder, and a waste of force in friction would be avoided. *For this reason the writer has from the first endeavored to impress on the public mind the probability that rifling is a fallacy, seeking to correct the evils of a bad shot by the construction of a faulty gun.*

But there is more than this. The great comparative range of rifled cannon has been obtained *not by the rifling process, but in spite of it.*

In view of the loss of power by rifling—loss of power to gain accuracy of flight—Mr. Adams suggests that the needed improvement in gunnery is of a ball which will carry straight from a smooth-bore gun. He gives four drawings of his inventions in this respect—two of the balls being double coned,—one cone smaller than the other, and the centre of gravity in advance of the centre of length—and the others, one a single cone, and the other a cylinder and single cone. All these have either *papier mache* carriers, or curved metal wings. Mr. Adams gives the following as the true principle of procedure:—"*To use an elongated missile of reduced diameter, capable of maintaining a straight course through the atmosphere, and to propel it by a gun of increased diameter, thus, reducing the area of atmospheric resistance, and increasing the area of propelling power, with any desirable weight of missile; the gun being in all cases of sufficient length to consume without wasting the largest quantity of powder that it will burn without bursting.* Such a gun would be equally adapted to throw a round shot at close quarters, or an elongated bolt at long range."

THE PRIZE SYSTEM.

If the steamer whose capture was announced be worth, as reported, a million dollars, the Government will be entitled to receive one-half, $500,000, the flag-officer $25,000, the captain $5,000, lieutenants and sailing masters $12,500 each, petty officers $5,000 to $10,000 each, and the sailors $1,900 apiece. Pretty good pay for one voyage.

We would respectfully call the attention of some sensible member of Congress to the present prize system. Why should the officers and men of the navy receive one-half of what they capture, while the land forces receive nothing? If those engaged in the naval service were at half the expense of fitting out and maintaining the vessels in which they sail, it would be a good reason for their having half of what they capture. But as the government has to pay *all* the expenses, it should have *all* the prize money. We hear of naval officers who have already made $100,000 out of this war. The whole system seems to us unfair; and unless better reasons can be given for its continuance than we are acquainted with, should be abolished as soon as possible. A reform in this respect would save the treasury millions of dollars.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

It is a common saying that "there is nothing like leather"—and we hope there is not, if a recent statement of the "*Shoe and Leather Reporter*" be true. An article in that organ of the hide and leather business conveys a very poor impression of those who deal in said articles. It says:—

The time was, as all know, when if a man was seen with a watering-pot on the top of a pile of hides his reputation was gone. But how is it now? Men who have the highest interest in the honor and success of our trade openly claim the best facilities for overcoming these customs, and for the paltry brokerage are willing to soak their cargoes of hides in salt and water, unmindful, that in doing this mean work they overturn and break up the system of values and trade with foreign countries, by which they gain their principal support.

The article also speaks of *sanding* the flesh and hair of hides as a "customary" trick. What with sanding and soaking hides, and using paper and wood for the soles of shoes, the hide and leather men seem to be in rather a dishonorable way. An acquaintance of ours, some years ago, attempted to convince a leading manufacturer of shoes, in Lynn, that in putting paper instead of leather into the soles, he was acting a lie—but the manufacturer could not see it in that light.

MR. GLADSTONE says that the Americans are propagating free institutions with the sword, and that Englishmen don't like.

Do Englishmen like the propagating of *despotic* institutions by the sword any better? Or, were those free or despotic institutions, to propagate which the great wars against Napoleon, and the recent war in India were undertaken?

England makes it her boast that she is "a free country," and yet she will not allow either India or Ireland to "secede." Would she Scotland or Canada, if either wished to?

With the fate of Mexico before our eyes, we would be foolish to allow ourselves to be split up into fragments, and one portion played off against the other as the selfish interests and intrigues of Europe might dictate. How long should we have free institutions, or any kind of institutions—*of our own making*—in that state of affairs? And how long would any portion of North or South America be free and independent, after the power of the American Union was stricken down?

BEAUTIFUL CARTES DE VISITE.

We have received from Mr. Taurston, whose advertisement appears in this number of the *Post*, some of his photographic *cartes de visite* of our Major-Generals, and other celebrities, and find them among the most finished and beautiful that we have seen. He will furnish them by mail free of postage.

A LIFE'S SECRET.—Dr. Mackenzie, of the *Philadelphia Press*, speaks as follows of this story, concluded in the present number of THE POST:—

"A Life's Secret" does not resemble any of Mrs. Wood's preceding tales, except in the wonderful power of putting the reader into full possession of the motives of the leading characters, in giving the most natural conversations, and in *concealing the denouement to the very close of the story. This last, so essential to the novelist, Mrs. Wood possesses in a larger degree than any other living writer.* Mixed up with the incident of the tale, which runs through it, is a striking and painfully truthful account of the rise, progress, and decline of the social evil called a builders' "strike." It is as powerful as painful, and shows Mrs. Wood's possession of the elements of domestic tragedy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARTEMUS WARD HIS BOOK. With many Comic Illustrations. Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

LYRICS FOR FREEDOM; AND OTHER POEMS. Under the Auspices of the Continental Club. Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

OUR FLAG. A Poem in Four Cantos. By T. H. UNDERWOOD. Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE. A Novel. By the author of "Paul Ferroll." Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

A LIFE'S SECRET. A Story of Woman's Revenge. By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "The Channings," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for June.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for June. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for May. For sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Phila.

FROM VANITY FAIR.

ASPHYXIATED.—Gen. Wool tersely telegraphs to Washington:—

"We have Suffolk."

The process is nearly complete, then. The anaconda is tightening its last coil, and Suffokation has already set in.

THE FATHER OF IT.—By late European arrivals come renewed rumors of French intervention in American affairs. The rebels are very anxious for foreign interference. The rebellion was conceived in sin—a devilish scheme, and borne of Satan—and it is not to be wondered at that they should now, in their extremity, desire the assistance of no Apollyon.

OLD PORT IN NEW BOTTLES.—The connoisseurs of the North are anticipating a jolly re-union next 1st of June, when the President will open some of his best Port, as he has announced. The article has been sealed up for some time, and it is thought, will be much improved by age. The President has a Butler at New Orleans, who will do the honors of the occasion in that city.

☞ The general impression now is that the Union will be as good as new by the next 4th of July. 'all 'appy day, as Bull Run Russell would say.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

The following is the President's proclamation relative to Gen. Hunter's course:—

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, There appears in the public prints what purports to be a proclamation of Major-General Hunter, in the words and figures following, to wit:—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, HILTON HEAD, S. C., May 9th, 1862.

General Orders, No. 11.—The three states of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, comprising the Military Department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it became a military necessity to declare them under martial law. This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April, 1862.

Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three states, Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free.

(Signed) DAVID HUNTER, Major-General Commanding.

EDWARD W. SMITH, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

And whereas, The same is producing some excitement and misunderstanding,

Therefore, I ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, proclaim and declare that the Government of the United States had no knowledge, information or belief of an intention on the part of General Hunter to issue such a proclamation, nor has it yet any authentic information that the document is genuine; and further, that neither General Hunter nor any other commander or person has been authorized by the Government of the United States to make a proclamation declaring the slaves of any state free, and that the supposed proclamation now in question, whether genuine or false, is altogether void, so far as respects such a declaration.

I further make it known, that whether it be competent for me, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy to declare the slaves of any state or states free, and whether at any time, in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such a supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in the armies and camps.

On the 6th day of March last, by a special message, I recommended to Congress the adoption of a joint resolution, to be substantially as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That the United States ought to co-operate with any state which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid, to be used by such state, in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such a change of system."

The resolution, in the language above quoted, was adopted by large majorities in both branches of Congress, and now stands an authentic, definite and solemn proposal of the Nation to the states and people most immediately interested in the subject matter.

To the people of these states I now earnestly appeal. I do not argue, I beseech you to make the arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates would come gently as the dews of Heaven—not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all past time, as, in the providence of God, it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it!

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this, the nineteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

By the President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

WHITE HOUSE.

White House, a recent camp of General McClellan, is the seat of A. S. Lee, an officer in the Confederate army, and said to be the son of the rebel General Lee. His plantation, comprising thousands of acres, extends several miles along the south-western bank of the Pamunky. It is poor, worn-out land, and now rapidly being cut up into ruts by Uncle Sam's wagons. The house is built in the old Virginia style, and is pleasantly situated on a bend of the river. It is two stories high, with wings and back buildings. The negro quarters are a short distance below, near the river bank. All the people have stampeded, white, black, and mulatto, and not a soul was in the house when possession was taken last Monday. Near the negro quarters is a spring-house, apparently well kept formerly, now used, however, by the staff. The private grounds are strictly guarded, and no injury will be done them.

Not a bit of injury has been done to the house or grounds, although the troops have been around it for a week. The most curious of all the curiosities of this place, is a notice written upon a piece of white paper, about two by five inches, in a female hand, and which was found posted upon the wall of the main corridor of the building. The proper request of a lady, couched in respectful terms, never has been refused by the Union army, and never will be. The notice is as follows:

"Northern soldiers, who profess to reverence Washington, forbear to desecrate the home of his first married life—the property of his wife, now owned by her descendants.

"A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF MRS. WASHINGTON."

"Just below this, on the wall, was written by one of General Stoneman's brigade the following words:

"A Northern officer has protected your property in the sight of the enemy, and at the request of your overseer."

This overseer was the only person found on the premises, with the exception of a few negroes. He is a sinister-looking fellow, and is kept closely guarded. The sacredness with which this property is protected is well shown when it is known that this overseer keeps all the keys of the building, that he attends every one who enters it, and that nothing has been removed from it. It was rumored about the camp, that some valuable papers of Gen. Lee, tending to criminate some Federal officers high in position, were found in the house. I give you this for what it is worth, although it is contradicted at head-quarters by those who ought to know.—*Correspondent of Press.*

☞ NOTE FOR OUR NAVY.—Anything they can shell.

NEWS ITEMS.

HON. Edward Stanley is on the eve of departure for North Carolina. He has received his commission as Military Governor of that state. He is invested with the powers, duties, and functions of that station, including the power to establish all necessary offices and tribunals, and suspend the writ of habeas corpus during the pleasure of the President, or until the loyal inhabitants shall organize a state government in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. His powers are exactly similar to those with which Gov. Johnson of Tennessee is invested.

A SHREWD DARKEY.—A novel question has been presented to the Emancipation Commissioners at Washington. John Hatton, colored, filed his petition among the first claiming compensation for his three children, Martha, Henry, and George, all of whom are adults. Martha and Henry were purchased from Ellsworth Bayne, of Prince George's county, Md., in 1841, for $128, and George was purchased from John H. Bayne in 1844 for $100. Hatton values his children now at $1,000 each, and has stated his claim at that figure.

THE account of a negro brigade being raised in New York is positively contradicted.

A CALL is soon to be made upon the states for additional volunteers to the number of 100,000 at least. Careful inquiry has elicited the fact, that our army is smaller than has been represented in even official documents, numbering not 500,000 effective men. This fresh force is to be mainly used as a reserve, to be stationed at convenient points to meet emergencies.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.—The policy of the Treasury Department is to get in all outstanding treasury notes *bearing interest* and fund them. Demand notes to the extent of the public wants for currency purposes will be issued. One hundred millions of dollars of these are now out, and there is authority for issuing sixty millions more. Authority to issue further sums, as needed, will doubtless be given by Congress, and of these it is supposed there will be notes of denominations less than five dollars.

THE Richmond papers of the 10th instant contains the correspondence between Jeff. Davis and the Virginia Legislature. He says he does not entertain the thought of withdrawing the army from Virginia, even though Richmond should fall. He is of the opinion that the war could be successfully maintained on Virginia soil for twenty years. Nice prospect for Virginia.

JOHN B. FLOYD has been appointed Major-General of the Virginia forces, with authority to raise 30,000 men for the defence of Western Virginia.

THE CENSUS OFFICE.—A late resolution of Congress contemplates the keeping at the census office of a registry of all heads of families in the United States. It is through the census office that the residence, &c., of great numbers of persons are found who, from misfortune, become temporarily lost to their relatives and friends.

THE Macon (Georgia) Telegraph condemns in severe language the conduct of the rebel troops at Bridgeport, by which it says:—"The most important gateway to our State was opened to the enemy, and possession of all our rich mines and depots of coal, iron and saltpetre placed in imminent danger."

HALLECK'S army is within four miles of Corinth, occasionally skirmishing with the rebels.

THE ARMOR OF THE GALENA.—The armor of the Galena, which was pierced by the projectiles of the rebel battery below Richmond, was but three inches thick. The gunboats on the Western waters are all thinly plated, and but partially clad. Hence the necessity of the six-inch plates that have been ordered for the three new gunboats of the Monitor style that are now in process of erection in New York. The Monitor has thus far stood fire with her five-inch plates; but as guns of enormous calibre and projectiles of great momentum are in vogue, it is safe to increase the thickness of the armor.

A DISPATCH received from Fort Wright, by way of Chicago, says it is evident that the rebels have evacuated that fort, and have fallen back on Fort Randolph, which is a place of some strength on the second Chickasaw Bluff, twelve miles below Fort Wright.

MR. RUSSELL, since his return to England, does not hesitate openly to avow that his entire sympathies are, and always have been, with the North, and frankly confesses that, in his late correspondence with the *Times*, he has written under dictation, and not as his own convictions would have led him to do. Let him have the benefit, such as it is, of his explanation.—*English correspondent of Inquirer.*

THERE is a good deal of exaggeration in the statement that the President has called on the Governors of the various States for one hundred thousand additional troops. The limit is correctly understood to be fifty regiments.

A NEW FULMINATING SPUR FOR IRON-CLAD SHIPS.—A French naval officer, holding a high command, has tendered his resignation, in order to devote himself to the completion of a new fulminating spur, which he has invented for iron-clad ships, which will not only drive in the side of a ship, but will lodge in its interior an explosive shell of the most dangerous character.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPER PRINTING.—The London system of printing one side of country newspapers in the city, and then sending the edition to the respective offices in the country, to have the local news and advertisements added, has been adopted by several papers in Wisconsin, the work being performed in the office of the *State Journal*, at Madison.

THE people of Sweden, with a proper sense of the great services to civilization rendered by their distinguished countryman, Captain Ericsson, are having a medal struck in his honor, in reference to the Monitor affair.

THE 800 returned Union prisoners now at Washington are being paid their ration money for the time of their captivity at the rate of twenty cents per day, and will be paid their monthly dues within a very short period. The Government intends allowing each man to determine whether he will take a discharge or return to the service after obtaining a furlough or exchange.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that the act of Assembly allowing our volunteers in the army to vote when absent from the State in military service, is unconstitutional, and consequently that the army vote is illegal and void. It will probably oust Sheriff Ewing of this city, and others now holding office.

THE sentiments of the people of Norfolk may be judged from the following extract of a letter:—Probably not less than six hundred persons have taken the oath of allegiance, and received passes from the Provost Marshal. They are principally laborers, gardeners, and countrymen. The leading classes stubbornly hang off and refuse, and some of them, in manifesting their rebellious sentiments, stand so straight as to lean a little backward. On Sabbath last, a Union officer, while coming out of church, was struck by a prayer book, thrown at his head by a *lady*.

IT has been ascertained from an authentic source, that the expenditures of the Government, from April, 1861, to the present time, has not averaged one million dollars per day. This may be considered a refutation of the exaggerated reports upon the subject.

THE ADDITIONAL TROOPS.—Some of the newspapers are mistaken in stating that the President has called for a specific number of additional troops. The calls issued are directed to the different states' Governors, for volunteers to fill up their respective regiments that have fallen below their lawful quotas through the casualties of the war. Some additional entire regiments have also been requested, which, when raised, will form the necessary reserve corps.—*Washington Star.*

IT is said that the leading banks of Norfolk refuse to receive Confederate treasury notes on deposit or in payment of maturing paper. The people are becoming disgusted with the circulation, and reject the trash.

OF the chaplains in the U. S. army there are:—Methodists, 124; Presbyterians (N. S.) 94; Congregational, 57; Episcopal, 66; Baptist, 43; Presbyterian, (O. S.) 34; Unitarian, 23; Catholic, 22; not known, 9. Total, 472.

IN the District of Columbia, up to this date, 394 petitioners have filed claims for 1,898 slaves, at an average of about $750 per slave.

"DO RATS EAT GRAPES?"—The Gardeners' Chronicle recently asked this question, and answers were immediately received from several correspondents, all agreeing that they did. They have been repeatedly caught in the very act. It appears that they climb up the trees and eat the berries. We have known instances where mice have proved very troublesome to grapes in the green-house. Both rats and mice are also very fond of strawberries.

THE mortar-boats which threw bomb-shells at the forts defending New Orleans, have been hastily pronounced failures. A report of the injury they did the forts by the explosion of their bombs shows that they are a terrible weapon for such service. Fort Jackson, a letter says, was so much shaken by this firing that it was feared the casemates would come down about their ears. The loss of life by the bombs was not so great, as they could see them coming plainly, and get out of the way, but the effects of their fall and explosion on the fort no skill could avert.

FORT WRIGHT.—The report that Fort Wright (Pillow) is evacuated is a mistake. It is probably held by a small force. The rebel boats have gone down the river. The bombardment was renewed on the 22nd—the rebels replying.

ENGLISH SHIPS OFF NEW ORLEANS.—There are fifty ships under the English flag lying off New Orleans and Mobile to buy cotton at any price when these ports are opened.

OUR NATIONAL INDEBTEDNESS.—The Baltimore *American* learns from the best authority that, on the 19th of the present month, our national indebtedness was but five hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars, with twenty millions, or thereabouts, of floating liabilities additional. And more gratifying still, we have learned that, for the loans effected for the Treasury Department, the cost to the Government was, upon an average, but four and a half per cent.

THE general Bankrupt Bill, framed by leading New York merchants, has been introduced into the Senate by Mr. Foster. Its friends believe that it will pass Congress this session.

GEN. SIGEL is at Corinth.

PENNSYLVANIANS IN THE FIELD.

Pennsylvania has now one hundred and fifteen regiments enrolled of which all but one are in active service. The latter is nearly full, and will be ready to take the field in a few days. The total number in the service of the State is given at one hundred and thirteen thousand, of which, however, it is safe to say there are not more than one hundred thousand now on duty, if, indeed, there be quite so many. The condition of the Pennsylvania troops is all that could be desired. They are in a high state of discipline, and are provided with everything essential to their comfort and efficiency. Besides the immense force which the State has equipped and put in the field, the artillery arm of the service has been greatly strengthened, until now we doubt if there be a State in the Union that can, in this respect, compare with us. All the old guns have been remounted and fitted for service, and it is the intention to send these guns to this city, where they will be kept until such time as the State may need their service.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from Gen. Sumner's corps, Warwick Court House, Virginia, May 14, pays the following handsome and deserved compliment to a brigade of Philadelphia soldiers. The correspondent says:

"Pending the great battle, drilling and reviewing is the order of the day whenever it is possible. Yesterday Gen. Sumner reviewed Gen. Burns' brigade. It was one of the handsomest spectacles I ever saw. Gen. Sumner pronounced it a perfectly soldierly exhibition. The brigade consists of four Pennsylvania regiments, one of which—Baxter's Philadelphia Fire Zouaves (72d Pennsylvania)—is the handsomest regiment and the most admirably drilled body of men I have seen. Heretofore, I have regarded Bob McCook's "bully Dutchmen" as the most superior regiment in the Federal army. I believe the Zouaves excel them in everything appertaining to drill. But the brigade of which they form a part is ranked with the elite of the army. In many respects, it is regarded as good as it is possible to make volunteers. The main difference, in fact, between the latter and regulars, consists in the respective degrees of discipline to which they can be subjected. Volunteers cannot be disciplined into entire forgetfulness of their individuality, while the latter can be made machines; but I have seen none (some?) in this army who equal the *beau ideal* of thorough soldiers."

EFFECTS OF THE BOMBARDMENT AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Navy Department have received a chart showing the position and effect of every Union shot and shell that fell within the lines of Fort Jackson (the main rebel Mississippi river defence below New Orleans) in the course of its recent bombardment. As a whole, the drawing resembles the face of a fellow convalescing after a severe attack of the small-pox. It shows that all the scows and small boats near the fort were sunk, except three small ones; the drawbridge was completely destroyed; the hot shot furnaces were destroyed; the cisterns were demolished; all the casements and passages were filled with water, the levee having been cut; all the platforms for tents were destroyed by fire or shell; all the casemates are cracked from end to end; in some places the roof is completely broken, and frequently masses of brick have been dislodged.

Four guns were dismounted, 11 carriages and traverses were injured. The outer walls of the fort are cracked from top to bottom, in several places admitting daylight freely. 3,339 shells are computed to have been thrown in the ditches and overflowed parts of the fort, 1,060 shells exploded in the air over the fort; 1,418 mortar shells were counted on the solid ground of the fort and the levees, and 87 round shot. Seventy-five thousand shells were fired altogether.

Thus it will be perceived that the "practice" of the fleet on this occasion was perhaps the most accurate known to history since gunnery began to be a science.

"Pleayune Butler" at New Orleans.

Gen. Butler has had to talk pretty plainly to the mob and authorities of New Orleans. The Mayor, in answer to a summons of Gen. Butler to visit him at the St. Charles, the general's head-quarters, sent word back that he transacted public business in his own office. A file of soldiers carried the second invitation to the Mayor, and he did not think it was polite to refuse Gen. Butler again. A company of soldiers were directed to escort to the custom-house a Union man whose life had been threatened. The mob made demonstrations of violence, but the soldiers seized the ringleader, who happened to be a Col. Edwards, and who was obliged to apologize for his indecent excitement before he was liberated from prison. Pierre Soule, formerly United States Senator, who has been considered as opposed to secession, begged Gen. Butler to remove the military to the environs of the city, as the "people" would not stand their presence. This singular demand fired the General, and he said:—

"He would gladly take every man of his army out of the city the very day and hour that it was demonstrated that the City Fathers could protect him from insult or danger, if he chose to ride from one end of the city to the other alone, or with one gentleman of his staff; but, he said, your inability to govern the insulting, irreligious, unwashed mob in your midst, has been clearly proven by the insults of your rowdies towards my officers and men this very afternoon, and by the fact that General Lovell was obliged to proclaim martial law while his army occupied your city, to protect the law-abiding citizens from the rowdies. I do not proclaim martial law against the respectable citizens of this place, but against the same class that obliged Gen. Wilkinson, Gen. Jackson, and Gen. Lovell to declare it. I have means of knowing more about your city, continued the General, than you think of, and I am aware that at this hour there is an organization here established for the purpose of assassinating my men by detail; but I warn you that if a shot is fired from any house, that house will never again cover a mortal's head, and if I can discover the perpetrator of the deed, the place that now knows him shall know him no more forever. I have the power to suppress this unruly element in your midst, and I mean so to use it that, in a very short period, I shall be able to ride through the entire city free from insult and danger, or else this metropolis shall be a desert from the plains of Chalmette to the outskirts of Carrollton."

The City authorities finally concluded to co-operate with Gen. Butler in preserving the peace of the city; and the General immediately authorized a patrol of citizens, not to exceed two hundred and fifty, to be armed with sabres or revolvers, or both, to be added to the police.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

Semi-official advices from sources favorable to Mexico, with dates from the City of Mexico to the 12th, from Jalapa to the 8th, and from Vera Cruz to the 12th inst., received at Washington, show the falsity of much that has been published.

The Constitutional Government has not abandoned the City of Mexico, nor is it likely to do so. The French and Mexicans had a battle at Humbres de Acnizingo, the result of which is not clear. The French claim a victory, but would seem to have lost more men, especially in officers, than the Mexicans. Up to the last dates indeed the French had not occupied Puebla, which is only an easy two days' march from Humbres.

Gen. Zaragoza, the Mexican General-in-Chief, had defeated Marquez on his way to join the French, and was preparing to fight the French before Puebla. Great preparations were making in the City of Mexico for resistance to the invaders in case Puebla was lost. Gen. Ortega had arrived there with 6,000 volunteers from the state of which he is governor. Forces from other states were rallying to the defence of the capital.

As soon as the French left Soledad and Cordova, both places were occupied by Gen. Llave, the Constitutional Governor of the state of Vera Cruz, within the limits of which they are situated. He had cut off the invading army's communication with the coast. Gen. Llave was also marching upon Orizaba. Almonte had vainly expected pronunciamentos in his favor in the interior, in places not under French bayonets.

Mr. Corwin in the treaty which he has negotiated offers a loan from the United States to the Government of Juarez of $10,000 000. Mr. Allen, our Consul at Matamoras, has brought the treaty to Washington.

TENNESSEE.

ELECTION FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE—ARREST FOR TREASON.—Nashville, May 23.—An election was held in this state, yesterday, for judicial officers. The vote in this city stood for Circuit Judge:—Brien (Union) 570, Foster (Secessionist) 706. The secessionists, generally, voted, but the Union men, generally, refrained from voting, regarding the election as invalid. Gov. Johnson will give no commission to the secessionists elected.

The President and Cashier of the Bank of the Union were arrested yesterday, by order of Gov. Johnson, on the charge of treason.

The town of Pulaski has been assessed for $1,268 by the Provost Marshal, to compensate a U. S. merchant for goods seized by Morgan's troops.

THE IRONSIDES.—The little Monitor, at the recent attack on Fort Darling, near Richmond, proved herself invulnerable—no ball yet fired by the enemy having any effect upon her iron-clad turret.

At first, the shot of the rebel guns rolled off the sides of the Galena, making only dents in her mail, but gradually, after five hours' fighting, it was found that the steel pointed balls used by the rebels were piercing her. Thirty shots struck her and lodged, whilst two went entirely through her, tumbling out on the other side.

☞ If a tree does not blossom and bring forth fruit in the spring, it is generally dead all the year after; so if in the spring and morning of your days, you do not bring forth fruit to God, it is a hundred to one that you bring forth no fruit to him when the evil days of old age shall overtake you, wherein you shall say, you have no pleasure; for, as the son of Sirach observes: "If thou hast gathered nothing in thy youth what canst thou find in thine old age?"

☞ In General Beauregard's correspondence with General Grant, his allusion to "*your* countrymen" is a most refreshing abnegation of old ties, after only a year's difficulty, too. By another year he may fancy himself on another planet, and it is not certain but he may get there, if Halleck happens to get a good chance at him.

☞ There are no other creatures in nature that can charm like women and snakes.

☞ "That's my business!" as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM GEN. BANKS' ARMY.

THE REBELS ATTACK HIM AT WINCHESTER.

Retreats to Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and Crosses the Potomac at Williamsport.

The Rebel Plan to Enter Maryland at Williamsport and Harper's Ferry.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT BALTIMORE.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

From Gen. Fremont's Department.

The Rebels Defeated at Lewisburg.

FROM GEN. HALLECK'S ARMY.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Dispatches received by the War Department state that Gen. Banks was attacked at Winchester this morning, and has fallen back towards Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry.

The enemy are reported to be in large force, and many reports state that the rebel force has left Richmond and moved north, to take the offensive.

The Fight at Winchester---Retreat of Gen. Banks Across the Potomac at Williamsport.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The enemy, under Generals Ewell and Johnson, with a superior force, gave battle to General Banks this morning at daylight, at Winchester. Gen. Banks fought them six hours and then retired in the direction of Martinsburg, with what loss is unknown.

The enemy are, it is understood, advancing from Winchester upon Harper's Ferry. Our troops there are being rapidly reinforced.

Rumor says that Jackson is advancing to support Ewell and Johnson, and there are also statements that still another force is behind him.

Prompt means have been taken to meet these emergencies if truly reported.

A dispatch received to-night, states that Gen. Banks has made good his retreat across the Potomac at Williamsport.

Gen. Rufus Saxton is in command at Harper's Ferry.

Official Despatches from Gen. Banks.

HEADQUARTERS, MARTINSBURG, May 25 2.40 P. M.

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The rebels attacked us this morning at daybreak, in great force. Their number was estimated at 15,000, consisting of Ewell's and Jackson's divisions. The fire of the pickets began with daylight, and was followed by artillery, until the lines were fully under fire on both sides.

The left wing stood firmly, holding its ground well, and the right did the same for a time, when two regiments broke the lines under the fire of the enemy. The right wing fell back, and was ordered to withdraw, and the troops passed through the town in considerable confusion. They were quickly reformed on the other side, and continued their march in good order to Martinsburg, where they arrived at 2.40 P. M., a distance of 22 miles.

Our trains are in advance, and will cross the river in safety.

Our entire force engaged was less than 4,000, consisting of Gordon's and Donnelly's brigades, with two regiments of cavalry under General Hatch, and two batteries of artillery.

Our loss is considerable, as was that of the enemy, but cannot now be stated.

We were reinforced by the 10th Maine, which did good service, and a regiment of cavalry.

(Signed) N. P. BANKS, Major-General Commanding.

THE LATEST.

The Rebel Plan to Enter Maryland at Williamsport and Harper's Ferry.

HEADQUARTERS BEYOND MARTINSBURG, May 25—5 35 P. M.

A prisoner captured this afternoon says that the rebel force in our rear is to be strengthened, and that their purpose is to enter Maryland at two points—Harper's Ferry and Williamsport.

He confirms all we have heard in regard to the rebel force here. We will pass the Potomac to-night safe, men, trains and all, I think, making a march of thirty-five miles.

(Signed) N. P. BANKS, Major-General Commanding.

Great Excitement at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, MAY 25.—The announcement that Col. Kenley had not been killed in the rebel attack on Front Royal was received with shouts of applause by the crowds of Union men who thronged the newspaper bulletins this morning.

The secessionists having been imprudent enough to exult over the defeat of Col. Kenley and his probable death, produced an intense excitement among the Union men.

A few moments since a man who made some disrespectful remarks was roughly handled by the crowd, and there has been several knock downs so far.

11 O'CLOCK.—The excitement continues, and the crowd is increasing. The streets are thronged with excited citizens. The secessionists have to keep out of sight.

1 O'CLOCK.—The mob attempted to hang a man a few moments since in Monument Square. He was rescued by the police.

3 O'CLOCK, EVENING.—The crowd on Baltimore street increased after 3 o'clock, and several persons were chased, as during the morning, and some were knocked down. The Marshal and his police were on the ground in large force, and several arrests were made, after which the crowd again thinned off and all has since been quiet.

From Gen. McClellan's Army.

General McClellan's vanguard, under General Stoneman, has reached the Chickahominy, passed it at Bottom's bridge and the railroad bridge, advanced to New bridge, and shelled the enemy from that position, detailed a large number of men to build bridges at different points on the creek, and ascertained that the main body of the rebel army has taken up a position a few miles this side of Richmond, to meet the United States forces. On Saturday our army had three skirmishes with the enemy, in which we drove them out of Mechanicsville, killed fifty men of the Louisiana Tigers, took fifty more prisoners, and lost ten killed and wounded.

Fight Between General Negley and the Rebel General Stewart—The Rebels driven back.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Sunday, May 25.

General Negley's brigade is now encamped five miles beyond Bottom's bridge. To obtain this position they were forced to engage the rebel General Stewart, with his brigade, composed of five regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and two batteries. Our loss was two killed and six wounded.

The officers engaged in the fight suppose the rebel loss to have been between fifty and sixty killed. A number of their dead were left on the field.

From General Fremont's Army.

CINCINNATI, May 24.—Colonel Heath, with 3,000 men, attacked our forces under Colonel Crook, yesterday morning, at Lewisburg. After a severe fight, the enemy was driven back and completely routed. Colonel Crook's force numbered 1,800. Our loss was 10 killed, 40 wounded and missing. We captured four cannons, two of which were rifled pieces, 200 stand of arms, and about 100 prisoners, including a Lieutenant-Colonel, a Major, and several Captains and Lieutenants.

From General Halleck's Army.

BEFORE CORINTH, May 25.—A reconnoitring party from General Pope's command had a skirmish yesterday, resulting in the complete rout of three rebel regiments, with the loss of their blankets, knapsacks and haversacks. Several were killed and wounded, and six prisoners taken. The regiments fled in confusion across the creek.

Our loss was four wounded.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—General Halleck has been joined by General Curtis, with the force under his command.

The news is positive that Beauregard had prepared for, and ordered an attack upon our lines, to bring on a general battle, but suddenly countermanded the orders, in consequence, as is supposed, of the appearance of our gun-boats at Vicksburg.

Pennsylvania and New York Troops Ordered Out.

The Government has called upon the Governor of Pennsylvania for aid, and he has issued his proclamation, ordering into service all the military organizations of the Commonwealth, and directing them at once to muster and prepare to march to Washington, or whatever other point may be designated.

ALBANY, May 25.—The Governor has ordered the 5th New York Volunteer Artillery, Col. Graham, and the 7th regiment New York State Militia, Col. Lafferts, to leave for Washington to-morrow.

The 8th, 11th, 37th and 71st regiments of militia of the city of New York, and the 25th militia regiment of Albany, and others will follow without delay.

Miscellaneous.

ACCORDING to latest dispatches from Arkansas, a steamboat was captured on the St. Francis river by our forces.

THE President has taken military possession of all the railroads in the country.

THE people and authorities of Norfolk still continue disloyal and refusing to take the oath of allegiance, Gen. Wool has suspended all intercourse, stopped the trade which had been reopened, and issued a proclamation notifying the people that while they continue rebellious, trade will be suspended and strict martial law enforced. The loyal shops are open again.

THE United States fleet from New Orleans has passed Natchez, Miss., and ordered the removal of the women and children from Vicksburg within twenty-four hours.

MRS. JEFF. DAVIS and family have arrived at Raleigh, N. C., accompanied by ex-Senator Gwin and family. We have a report also, brought from Fortress Monroe, that General Burnside had captured Raleigh. It makes no mention of the Davis family.

FROM New Mexico we have news in the Memphis papers that Sibley's Texan rebels are dismounted and in a starving condition, two companies having been cut off, and the rest were endeavoring to reach Santa Fe.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM GEN. BANKS.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, May 26.

The following is the latest received from Gen. Banks:—

WILLIAMSPORT, MD, May 26.—To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War—"We believe that our whole force, trains and all, will cross in safety. The men are in fine spirits and crossing in good order. The labor of last night was fearful. The enemy followed us last night on our march, but has not made his appearance this morning.

"The news of your movements South has unquestionably caused them to look out for their safety. Your dispatch was read to the troops this morning amid the heartiest cheers,

"N. P. BANKS, "Major General Commanding.

Continued Excitement in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, May 26.—The excitement continues without abatement this morning. All who utter disloyal sentiments are knocked down by the loyal citizens without the slightest scruple.

To the Rescue.

There is great excitement in Harrisburg and other parts of Pennsylvania. The military spirit is again fully roused to meet this last desperate attempt of the dying rebellion.

Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, is out with a soul-stirring Proclamation. He has summoned the whole militia of the State.

By proper energy, the rebel movement can be made a fatal business for those engaged in it. They seem to be hazarding all on a single desperate venture.

☞ Short-nosed men shouldn't complain if everybody snubs them, since Nature herself set the example.

☞ "I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a humbug." "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

☞ The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the five hundredth part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is perhaps six times finer, or only the 3,000th part of an inch in diameter; insomuch that a single pound of this attenuated substance might be sufficient to encompass our globe.

☞ The fire-eaters never did like the employments of the Yankees, and particularly dislike their pursuits now, says Prentice.

☞ To preserves apples from rotting—put them into a dry cellar, of easy access to a large family of children.

☞ In one of the city churches, Sunday, a child was baptized with the name of Albert Lawrence Burnside McClellan ——.

☞ The batteries on Island No. 10 can throw balls into three states—Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee.

☞ The prosperous man who yields himself up to temptation, bids farewell to welfare.

☞ SINGULAR ESCAPE.—The escape of Col. Smalley, of Vermont, on the occasion of the recent skirmish at Yorktown, was truly wonderful. A rebel shot went within a few inches of his head, and the concussion was so great that the blood spirted out from both of Col. S.'s ears.

THE THREE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF LOVE SONNETS.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length, and say,
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,
As girls do, any more: it only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first, but love is justified—
Take it thou—finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands, which loose the string,
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
This said—he wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend; this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand——a simple thing,
Yet I wept for it!—this——the paper's light—
Said, *Dear, I love thee:* and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past.
This said, *I am thine*—and so its ink has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
And this——Oh, Love, thy words have ill availed,
If what this said I dared repeat at last!

First time he kissed me, but he only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world greetings, quick with its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half-falling on the hair. Oh, beyond need!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

A LIFE'S SECRET.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Did it never strike you that Austin Clay knew your secret?" inquired Dr. Bevary of Mr. Hunter, when he was left alone with him after Austin's departure in search of Florence.

"How should it?" returned Mr. Hunter.

"I do not know how," said the Doctor, "any more than I know how the impression, that he did, fixed itself upon me. I have felt sure, this many a year past, that he was no stranger to the fact, though he probably knew nothing of the details."

"When did you become acquainted with it?" rejoined Mr. Hunter, in a tone of sharp pain.

"I became acquainted with your share in it at the time Miss Gwinn discovered that Mr. Lewis was Mr. Hunter. James, why did you not confide the secret to me? It would have been much better."

"To you! Louisa's brother!"

"It would have been better, I say. It might not have lifted the sword that was always hanging over Louisa's head, or have eased it by one jot; but it might have eased *you*. A sorrow kept within a man's own bosom, doing its work in silence, will burn his life away; get him to talk of it, and half the pain is removed. It is also possible that I might have made better terms than you, with the rapacity of Gwinn."

"If you knew it, how was it you did not speak openly to me?"

Dr. Bevary suppressed a shudder.

"It was one of those terrible secrets that a third party cannot interfere in uninvited. No; silence was my only course, so long as you observed silence to me. Had I interfered I must have said, 'Louisa shall leave you!'"

"It is over, so far as she is concerned," said Mr. Hunter, wiping his damp brow. "Let her name rest. It is the thought of her which has well nigh killed me."

"Ay, it's over," responded Dr. Bevary; "over in more senses than one. Do you not wonder that Miss Gwinn should have gone back to Ketterford without molesting you again?"

"How can I wonder at anything she does? She comes and she goes, with as little reason as warning."

Dr. Bevary lowered his voice.

"Have you ever been to see that poor patient in Kerr's asylum?"

The question excited the anger of Mr. Hunter.

"What do you mean by asking it?" he cried. "When I was led to believe her dead, I shaped my future course according to that belief. I have never acted, nor would I act upon any other—save in the giving money to Gwinn, for my wife's sake. If Louisa was not my wife legally, she was nothing less in the sight of God."

"Louisa was your wife," said Dr. Bevary, quietly. And Mr. Hunter responded by a sharp gesture of surprise. The Doctor continued.

"James, had you gone, though it had been but for an instant, to see that unhappy patient of Kerr's, your trammels would have been at an end. It was not Emma, your young wife of years ago."

"It was not! What do you say?" gasped Mr. Hunter.

"When Agatha Gwinn found you out, here in this house, she startled you nearly to death by telling you that Emma was alive—was a patient in Kerr's asylum. She told you that, when you had been informed in those back days of Emma's death, you had been imposed upon by a lie—a lie invented by herself. James, the lie was uttered *then*, when she spoke to you here. Emma, your wife, did die; and the young woman in the asylum was a sister."

Mr. Hunter rose. His hands were raised imploringly, his face was stretched out in its sad yearning.

"What!—which was true? which was he to believe?"

"In the gratification of her revenge Miss Gwinn concocted the tale that Emma was alive, knowing, as she spoke it, that Emma had been dead years and years. She contrived to foster the same impression upon me; and the same impression, I cannot tell how, has, I am sure, clung to Austin Clay. Louisa was your lawful wife, James."

Mr. Hunter, in the plentitude of his thankfulness, sank upon his chair, a wailing burst of emotion breaking from him, and the drops of perspiration gathering again on his brow.

"That other one, the sister, the poor patient, is dead," resumed Dr. Bevary. "As we stood together over her, an hour ago, Miss Gwinn confessed the imposition. It appeared to slip from her involuntarily, in spite of herself. I inquired her motive, and she answered, 'To be revenged on you, Lewis Hunter, for the wrong you had done.' As she stood in her impotence, looking on the dead, I asked her which, in her opinion, had inflicted the most wrong, she or you?"

Mr. Hunter lifted his eager face.

"It was a foolish deceit. What did she hope to gain by it? A word, at any time, might have exposed it."

"It seems she did gain pretty well by it," significantly replied Dr. Bevary. "There's little doubt that it was first spoken in the angry rage of the moment, as being the most effectual mode of tormenting you, and the terrible dread with which you received it—as I conclude you so did receive it—encouraged her to persist in it. James, you should have confided in me; I might have brought light to bear on it in some way or other. Your timorous silence has kept me silent."

"God be thanked that it is over!" fervently ejaculated Mr. Hunter. "The loss of my money, the loss of my peace, they seem to be little in comparison with this welcome revelation. She—the sister—you say, is dead?"

"She is dead, poor thing; and Miss Gwinn has gone back home, to trouble you no more."

They continued talking. After some time, Austin entered with Florence. Dr. Bevary turned upon them with mock gravity.

"How you have hurried yourselves! I fear you must be ill from walking fast. What can have kept him, Florence?"

"Not your patients, Doctor," said Austin, laughing, "though you are keeping them. Some, whom you made an appointment with, are vowing vengeance against you for not attending to it."

"Ah," said the Doctor, "we medical men do get detained sometimes. One patient has had the whole of my time this day."

"Is she better?" inquired Florence. "Was it a lady?"

"No, my dear, she is not better: she is dead," was the grave answer. "And therefore," the Doctor added, in a different tone, "I have no further excuse for absenting myself from those other patients who are alive and grumbling after me."

He made an imperceptible sign to Austin, to follow him from the room, and linked his arm within his as he crossed the hall.

"How did you become acquainted with that dark secret?" he breathed in his ear.

"Through a misdirected letter of Miss Gwinn's. After I had read it, I discovered that it must have been meant for Mr. Hunter, though addressed to me. It told me all. Dr. Bevary, I have had to carry the secret about with me all these years, bearing myself as one innocent of the knowledge—before Mrs. Hunter, before Florence, before him. I would have given half my savings not to have known it."

"Were you aware that—that—one was living who might have displaced Mrs. Hunter?"

"Yes; and that she was in confinement. The letter, a reproachful one, was too explanatory."

"She died this morning. It is with her—at least with her affairs—that my day has been taken up."

"What a mercy!" ejaculated Austin.

"Ay; mercies are showered down every day: a vast many more than we, self-complaisant mortals, acknowledge or return thanks for," responded Dr. Bevary, in the quaint tone he was given to favor. And then, in a few brief words, he enlightened Austin as to the actual truth.

"What a fiend she must be!" cried Austin, alluding to Miss Gwinn, of Ketterford. "Oh, but this is a mercy indeed! And I have been planning how to guard the secret always from Florence!"

Dr. Bevary made no reply. Austin turned to him, the ingenuous look upon his face.

"You do approve of me for Florence, do you not, sir?"

"Be you very sure, young gentleman, that you should never have got her, had I not approved," oracularly nodded Dr. Bevary. "I look upon Florence as part of my belongings; and, if you mind what you are about, and don't offend me, perhaps I may look upon you as the same."

Austin laughed.

"How am I to avoid offence?" he asked.

"By loving your wife with an earnest, lasting love; by making her a better husband than James Hunter has been enabled to make her poor mother."

The tears rose to Austin's eyes with the intensity of his emotion.

"Do you think there is cause to *ask* me to do this, Dr. Bevary?"

"No, my boy, I do not. God bless you both! There! leave me to get home to those patients of mine. You can be off back to her."

A few days given to preliminaries, and then Mr. Hunter stood before his workmen, his arm within Austin Clay's. He was introducing to them his new partner. The strike was at an end, and the men—so many as could be made room for—had returned; but Mr. Hunter would not consent to discharge the hands that had come forward to take work in the emergency.

"What has the strike brought you?" inquired Mr. Hunter. "Any good?"

Strictly speaking, the men could not reply that it had. In the silence that ensued after the question, one man's voice was at length raised

"We look back upon it as a subject of congratulation, sir."

"Congratulation!" exclaimed Mr. Hunter. "Upon what point?"

"That we had the pluck to hold out so long in the teeth of difficulties," replied the voice.

"Pluck is a good quality when rightly applied," observed Mr. Hunter. "But what good has the 'pluck' or the strike, brought to you in this case?—for that was the question we were upon."

"It was a lock-out, sir; not a strike."

"In the first instance it was a strike," said Mr. Hunter. "Pollock's men struck, and you had it in contemplation to follow their example. Oh! yes, you had, my men; you know as well as I do, that the measure was under discussion. Upon that state of affairs becoming known, the masters determined upon a general lock out. They did it in self-defence; and if you will put yourselves in thought into their places, judging fairly, you may not wonder that they considered it was the only course open to them. The lock-out lasted but a short period, and then the yards were again opened—open to all who would resume work upon the old terms, and sign a declaration not to be under the dominion of the Trades' Unions.—How very few availed themselves of this, you need not be reminded."

"We acted for what we thought the best, sir," said another.

"I know you did," replied Mr. Hunter.—"You are—speaking of you collectively—steady, hard-working, well-meaning men, who wish to do the best for yourselves, your wives, and families. But, looking back now, do you consider that it was for the best? You have returned to work upon precisely the same terms that you were offered then, having held out to the very verge of starvation. Here we are, in the depth of winter, and what sort of homes do you possess to fortify yourselves against its severities?"

What sort indeed! Mr. Hunter's delicacy shrank from depicting them.

"I am not speaking to you now as your master," he continued, conscious that men do not like, and in some cases will not brook, this style of converse from their rulers.—"Consider me for the moment as your friend only; let us talk together as man and man—as equals on the great stage of life. I wish I could bring you to see the evils of these convulsions; I do not wish it from motives of self-interest, but for your sole good. You may be thinking, 'Ah, the master is afraid of another contest; this one has done him so much damage, and that's why he's going on at us against them.' You are mistaken; that is not why I speak. My men, were any further contests to take place between us, in which you held yourselves aloof from work, as you have done in this, we should at once place ourselves beyond dependence upon you, by bringing over foreign workmen. In the consultations which have been held between myself and Mr. Clay, relative to the terms of our partnership, this point has been fully discussed, and our determination taken. Should we have a repetition of the past—and some think that it is not unlikely—Hunter and Clay would then import their own workmen."

"And other firms as well?" interrupted a voice.

"We know nothing of what other firms might do: to attend to our own interests is enough for us. I hope we shall never have to do this; but it is only fair to inform you that such would be our course of action. If you, our native workmen, brothers of the soil, abandon your work from any crotchets—"

"Crotchets, sir!"

"Ah, crotchets—according to my opinion," repeated Mr. Hunter. "Could you show me a real grievance, it might be a different matter. But let us leave motives alone, and go to effects. When I say that I wish you could see the evil of these convulsions, I speak solely with reference to your good, to the well-being of your families. It cannot have escaped your notice that my health has become greatly shattered—that, in all probability, my life will not be much prolonged. My friends,"—his voice sunk to a deep, solemn tone—"believing, as I do, that I shall soon stand before my Maker, to give an account of my works here, could I, from any paltry motive of self-interest, deceive you? Could I say one thing and mean another? No; when I seek to warn you against future troubles, I do it for your own sakes. If you can keep clear of them, do so. Whatever may be the urging motive of a strike, whether good or bad, fancied or real, it can only bring ill in the working. I would say, were I not a master, 'Put up with a grievance, rather than enter upon a strike;' but, being a master, you might misconstrue the advice. My attention has been very much drawn of late to past strikes, and I cannot read of one that was not productive of evil. I am not going into the merits of the measures—to say this past strike was right or that was wrong; I speak only of the terrible amount of suffering they wrought. A man said to me the other day—he was from the factory districts—'I have a horror of strikes; they have worked so much evil in our trade.' You can get books which tell of them, and read for yourselves. How many orphans and widows, and men in prisons are there, who have cause to curse this past strike? You know of a few; you do not know of all. It has broken up homes that, before it came, were homes of plenty and content, leaving in them despair and death. Let us try and go on better for the future."

Every word spoken by Mr. Hunter, Daffodil's Delight could echo. Whether the men were in fault, and brought the contest on needlessly, or whether they were justified, according to the laws of right and reason, it matters not here to discuss; the effects were the same, and they stood out broad and bare and hideous. Men had died of want, had been cast into prison, where they still lay, had committed social crimes, in their great need, against their fellow-men; worse than all, some, unable longer to bear up against their accumulation of distress, mental and bodily, had rushed uncalled into the dread presence of God. Women had been reduced to the lowest extremes of misery and suffering, had been transformed into viragos, where they had once been pleasant and peaceful; children had died off by scores. Homes were dismantled; Mr. Cox had cart-loads of things that stood no chance of being recalled, and that could not be replaced in a dozen years. Families, united before, were scattered now; young men were driven upon idleness and evil courses; young women upon worse, for they were irredeemable. Would the men learn wisdom for the future by all this? It was uncertain.

When Austin Clay returned home that evening, he gave Mrs. Quale notice of his design to quit. She received it in a spirit of resignation, intimating that she had been expecting it—that lodgings, such as hers, were not fit for Mr. Clay, now that he was Mr. Hunter's partner.

Austin laughed.

"I suppose you think I ought to set up a house of my own."

"I dare say you'll be doing that one of these days, sir," she responded.

"I dare say I shall," said Austin.

"I wonder whether what Mr. Hunter said to-day will do any of 'em any service?" cried Peter Quale. "What do you think, sir?"

"I think it ought," replied Austin. "Whether it will, is another question."

"It mostly lies in this—in the men's being let alone," nodded Peter. "Leave 'em to theirselves, and they'll go on steady enough; but if them Trade Union folks, Sam Shuck and his lot, get over them again, there'll be more outbreaks."

"Sam Shuck is safe for some months to come."

"But there's others of his persuasion that ain't, sir; and Sam'll be out some time."

"Quale, I give the hands credit for better sense, than to suffer themselves to fall under his yoke again, now that he has shown himself in his true colors."

"I don't give 'em credit for any sense at all, when they get unsettled notions into their heads," phlegmatically returned Peter Quale. "I'd like to know whether it's the Union that's helping Shuck's wife and children. Nancy said she was a-buying a sheep's heart yesterday."

"Sheep's hearts is cheap now, in this quarter," put in Mrs. Quale. "When customers run scarce, meat goes down. To think of the fools this Daffodil's Delight has turned out this last six months!" she emphatically added. "To have lived upon their clothes and furniture, their saucepans and kettles, their bedding and their children's shoes, when they might, most of 'em, have earned 33s. a week at their ordinary work! When folks can be so blind as that, it isn't of no good talking to 'em; their eyesight's obscured, and black looks white, and white black."

Austin laughed at the remark, though it was not void of some rough reason—and went out. He was going into see John Baxendale. The man's injuries had taken a turn, and he was recovering fast, hoping soon to be at work again. He was sitting by the bedside, dressed, when Austin entered.

"Well, Baxendale—still getting better?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I'm thankful to say it. The surgeon was here to-day, and told me I need fear no further relapse. I am a bit tired this evening; I stood a good while watching the folks opposite. She was giving him such a basting!"

"What! do you mean the Checks?"

Baxendale laughed.

"She set on and she shook him soundly, and then she scratched him, and then she cuffed him—all outside the door. I do wonder that Cheek took it from her; but he's just like a young puppy in her hands, and nothing better. Two good hours they were disputing there."

"What was the warfare about?"

"About his not getting work, sir. Cheek's wife was just like many another wife in Daffodil's Delight—urging husband not to go to work, and allowing *she'd* strike if he didn't stand out. I don't know but Mother Cheek was about the most obstinate of all—making a merit of keeping him herself and finding him in beer and tobacco. The very day of the night that I was struck down, I heard her blowing him up for not 'standing firm upon his rights,' and telling him she'd rather go to his hanging, than see him go back to work.—And now she beats him because he can't get any to do!"

"Is Cheek one that cannot get any?"

"Cheek's one, sir. Mr. Henry took on more strangers than did you and Mr. Hunter; so, of course, there's less room for his old men. Cheek has walked about London these two days, till he's foot-sore, trying different shops, but he can't get taken on: there are too many out for him to have a chance. And she turns round and visits it upon him!"

"I think some of the wives in Daffodil's Delight are the most unreasonable women that ever were created," ejaculated Austin.

"*She* is—that wife of Cheek's," rejoined Baxendale. "I don't know how they'll end it. She has shut the door in his face, vowing he shall not put a foot inside of it until he can bring some wages with him. Forbidding him to take work when it was to be had, and now, that it can't be had, turning upon him for not getting it! If Cheek wasn't a donkey, he'd turn upon her again. There's other women just as contradictory. I think the bad living has soured their tempers."

"Where's Mary this evening?" inquired Austin. Since her father's illness, Mary's place had been by his side: it was something unusual to find her absent.

Baxendale lowered his voice as he replied,

"She is getting ill again, sir. All her old symptoms have come back, and I am sure now that she is going fast. She is on her bed, lying down."

As he spoke the last word, he stopped, for Mary entered. She seemed scarcely able to walk; a hectic flush shone on her cheeks, and her breath was painfully short.

"Mary," Austin said, with much concern, "I am sorry to see you thus."

"It is only the old illness come back again, sir," she smiled, as she sunk back in the pillowed chair. "I knew it had not gone for good—that the improvement was but temporary. But now, sir, look how good and merciful God is—and yet we sometimes doubt Him. What should He have spared me for, and given me this glimpse of strength, but that I might nurse my father in his illness, and be a comfort to him? He is nearly well—will soon be at work again, and wants me no more. Thanks ever be to God!"

Austin went out, marvelling at the girl's simple and beautiful trust—feeling that she was fit for her removal whenever it should come. As he was passing up the street he met Dr. Bevary.

"I hear Mary Baxendale is worse," the Doctor said.

"Very much worse," replied Austin. "I have just left her father."

At that moment there was a sound of contention and scolding, a woman's sharp tongue being uppermost. It proceeded from Mrs. Cheek, who was renewing the contest with her husband. Austin gave Dr. Bevary an outline of what Baxendale had said.

"And if another strike should come in a year's time, these women would be the first again to urge the men on to it—to 'stand up for their rights!'" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Not all of them."

"Of course, not all. They have not all done it now. Mark you, Austin! I shall settle a certain sum upon Florence when she marries, just to help you both, and any olive-branches you may be troubled with, in bread and cheese, should these strikes become the order of the day, and you get engulfed in them."

Austin smiled.

"I think I can take better care than that, Doctor."

"Take all the care you please. I shall put Florence on the safe side, in spite of your care. I have no fancy to see her reduced to one maid and a cotton gown. *Of course* you are going round to her! you can tell her so."

Austin laughed; but he warmly grasped the Doctor's hand.

He had turned on his way, when a man stole up to him from some side entry—a cadaverous-looking man, pinched and careworn. It was James Dunn; he had been discharged out of prison by the charity of some fund at the disposal of the governor. He humbly begged for work—"just to keep him from starving."

"You ask what I have not to give, Dunn," was the reply of Austin. "Our yard is full; and, consider the season. Perhaps when spring comes on—"

"How am I to exist till spring, sir?" he burst forth, in a voice that was but just kept from tears—"and the wife, and the children?"

"I wish I could help you, Dunn. Your case is but that of many others."

"There have been so many strangers took on, sir!"

"Of course—to do the work that you and others refused."

"I have not a place to lay my head in this night, sir. I have not so much as a slice of bread. I'd do the meanest work that could be offered to me."

Austin felt in his pocket for a small piece of money, and gave it to him. "What misery they have brought upon themselves!" he thought, as he moved away, and proceeded to Mr. Hunter's.

"Austin, you must live with me."

The words came from Mr. Hunter. Austin happened to remark that he had been giving Mrs. Quale notice, and must now determine upon his future residence. He looked at Mr. Hunter.

"Do you think I could spare Florence? Where my home is, yours and hers must be. Is not this house large enough for us? Why should you seek another?"

"Quite large enough, sir. But—but I had not thought of it. It shall be as you and Florence will."

They both turned to her; she was standing underneath the light of the chandelier, the rich damask color mantling in her cheeks.

"I could not give you to him, Florence, if it involved your leaving me."

The tears glistened on her eyelashes. In the impulse of the moment she stretched out a hand to each.

"There is room for us all, papa," she softly whispered.

Mr. Hunter drew his away. He clasped both their hands in his; he raised the other over them in the act of benediction, the tears, which only glistened in the eyes of Florence, falling fast from his.

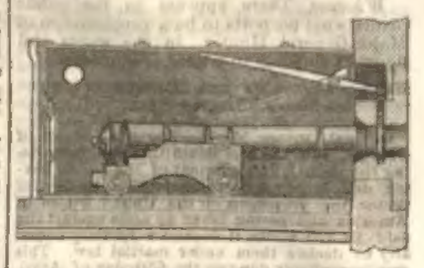
"Yes, it shall be the home of all; and—Florence—the sooner he comes to it, the better. Bless, oh, bless my children! and may this prove a happier, a more peaceful home for them, than it has for me and mine!"

"Amen!" answered Austin, in his inmost heart. [THE END.]

☞ By a recent marriage, the mother became the sister, and the grandmother the mother of the bride, and the sister the mother of the bridegroom. How did this happen?

SUBMARINE GUNS.

As the part of a war vessel most dangerous to be struck is under the water line, several plans have been proposed for guns to fire under the water into the hull of an enemy's vessel when ranged alongside. The accompanying engraving represents a gun pro-



posed to be operated for this purpose, by Thomas Page, C. E., London, and described in the Mechanics' Magazine. Each gun is to be placed in a chamber below the water level. This chamber is made water tight, and air is forced into it by a pump through a tube. The air pressure is greater than that of the water at the depth at which the gun is placed below the water level. Each gun chamber is connected with a reservoir in which a plentiful supply of condensed air is maintained. The gun being loaded, placed and trained in position by suitable apparatus, a port is opened in the ship's side below the water level, and the gun is fired through such port, which is again immediately closed. The pressure of air in the chamber causes a rush of air outward, and prevents the ingress of water to any extent while firing. Mr. Page proposes to bring the guns into sufficient proximity to an enemy's ship and fire it below the water level; the projectile will therefore pass through the water, strike and enter the enemy's ship below the water line and so contribute to its destruction. Guns so situated may be worked by the men in the ordinary way, they being in the pressure chamber.

Guns worked and discharged in compressed air chambers, according to this invention, would in most cases, be fired point blank, and would not in any case require to be elevated, but in very close quarters with an enemy they might be depressed with advantage. In practice, however, the gun might always be maintained at a uniform level, in which case the port or hole in the ship's side may be made of a size to correspond somewhat in diameter to the muzzle of the gun. The gun having been loaded and brought into position, the supply of compressed air is admitted to the gun chamber, the port is opened by the lever and the gun discharged.

KING AND QUEEN.

FROM "SIBELLE AND OTHER POEMS BY I."

I am a king in my own domain,
And my little wife is queen,
And jointly over our realm we reign,
A royal couple I ween.

Beauty and grace are the robes that flow
From her lily shoulders down;
The gems of truth on her bosom glow,
And love is her golden crown.

But her dainty hands are brown with toil,
Her cheeks with the breezes' kiss,
And she works for a tiller of the soil
As if work for him were bliss.

I am the king and the tiller too,
My farm is my proud domain,
And the will to dare and the strength to do,
Are the sceptres of my reign.

At my touch the teeming earth yields up
Her wealth for my feast and store;
The nectar of health brims high my cup,
My measure of bliss runs o'er.

Oh, ne'er was a happier realm I ween
Than ours 'neath the arching sky,
And never a happier king and queen
Than my little wife and I!

"LIGHT" LITERATURE.

Substance is to be widely distinguished from ponderability. Oxygen is not so ponderous as lead or granite, but it is far more substantial than either, and, as every one knows, is infinitely more serviceable to life. The distinction is equally valid when applied to books and to men. The "airy nothings" of imagination prove to be the most enduring somethings of the world's literature, and the lightness of heart may go with the purest truth of soul and the most precious virtue of intelligence. All the expressions carry the perpetual savors of their origin; and as brooks that dance and frolic with the sunbeams and murmur to the birds, light-hearted forever, will yet bear sands of gold, if they flow from auriferous hills, so any bubble and purl of laughter, proceeding from a wise and wealthy soul, will bear a noble significance. In point of fact, some of the merriest books in the world are among the most richly freighted. And as airy and mirthful books may be substantial and serious, so it is an effect very similar to that of noble and significant mirth that is produced upon us by the grandest pieces of serious writing.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ The materials required to extinguish fire in the hold of a ship, are nothing more than a cask of common chalk in the bottom of the hold, connected with the deck by a small pipe, and a two-gallon bottle of sulphuric acid, which, on the alarm of fire, being poured down the pipe, will generate a sufficient quantity of dense smoke or gas in which flame cannot exist.

☞ We think a fall of five or six feet of snow during the winter something to brag of, but up among the Sierra summits, in California, *fifty feet* of snow had fallen up to the 1st of February.

☞ Some people will never learn anything; for this reason: because they understand everything too soon.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY ENUI.

I.

From the battle ranks of life;
From the daughter, and the wife;
From the swords that round thee rung;
From the arms that to thee clung;
With the purpose unfulfilled
Through thy inmost soul that thrilled;
With the life-hope setting far
In the blackness like a star
Still above thy track that shone;
Down the waters! thou art gone!

II.

Noble spirit! true and bold,
Shrined within a rugged mould;
Strength and sweetness, blended fair,
Lay like sun and shadow there.
Thine were gentle thought and deed,
Brother's hand for brother's need!
Thine the full and ringing blow
On the buckler of a foe;
Thine the sudden bursts of song
Through the spirit sounding long,
Like a clarion note that thrills
Through the silence of the hills.

III.

Ever seemed you to my sight
Like a craggy island height,
Far below whose cloudy crest
Sweet the grassy hollows rest;
Where the flush and scent of flowers
Woo the languid summer hours;
Where the torrents down that leap
Sing themselves awhile to sleep,
Giving to the linnet's strain
Still their liquid low refrain.

IV.

Peace be to thee! o'er thy breast
Would this offering might rest,
Like a bunch of flowers and grass
From where April shadows pass
O'er the margins of the streams
That thy soul hath seen in dreams.
Might it sigh above thee there!
Like the soft and humid air
That the wet May blossoms shakes
By the edge of lonely lakes,
Or the foam fringe by the shore
That thy feet shall tread no more.

—*N. Y. Leader.*

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DEPARTURE.

I like to see the skies fair, the sun shining, on the morning fixed for a journey. It seems to whisper a promise that satisfaction from that journey shall be in store; a foolish notion, no doubt, but a pleasant one.

Never did there arise a more lovely morning to gladden the world, than that fixed for Mr. and Mrs. Channing's departure. The August sky was without a cloud, the early dew glittered in the sun, and the bees and butterflies sported amidst the opening flowers.

Mr. Channing was up betimes and had gathered his children around him—all. Tom and Charles had, by permission, holiday that morning from early school, and Constance had not gone to Lady Augusta Yorke's. The very excitement and bustle of preparation had appeared to have a beneficial effect upon Mr. Channing; perhaps it was the effect of the great hope which had seated itself in his heart, and was at work there. But Mr. Channing did not count upon this hope one whit more than he could help; for disappointment *might* be the ending. In this, the hour of parting from his home and his children, the hope seemed to have buried itself five fathom deep, if not to have died away completely.—Who, in a similar position to Mr. Channing, has not felt this depression on quitting a beloved home?

The parting had been less sad but for the dark cloud hanging over Arthur. Mr. Channing had no resource but to believe him guilty, and his manner to him had grown cold and stern. It was a pretty sight—could you have looked in upon it, that morning—one that would have put you in mind of that happier world where partings are not.

For it was to that world that Mr. Channing had been carrying the thoughts of his children, in these, the last moments. The Bible was before him, but all that he had chosen to read was a short psalm. And then he prayed God to bless them; to keep them from the evil; to be their all-powerful Protector. He prayed for his own safe return, and for his wife's; he prayed that health, if it might be the Divine will, should be renewed to him. There was not a dry eye present; and Charles and Annabel—Annabel with all her wildness—sobbed aloud.

He was standing up now, supported by Hamish; his left hand leaning heavily, also for support, on the shoulder of Tom. Oh! but Arthur felt it keenly! felt it as if his heart would break. It was Tom whom his father had especially called to his aid; he was passed over. It was hard to bear.

He was giving a word of advice; of charge to all.

"Constance, my pretty one, the household is in your charge; you must take care of your brothers' comforts; and, Hamish, my son, I leave Constance to the care of you.—Tom, let me enjoin you to keep your temper within bounds, particularly with regard to that unsatisfactory matter, the scnforship.—Annabel, be obedient to your sister, and give her no care; and Charley, my little darling, be loving and gentle as you always are.—Upon my return—if I shall be spared to return—"

"Father!" exclaimed Arthur, in a wailing burst of irrepressible feeling, "have you no word for *me*?"

Mr. Channing laid his hand upon the head of Arthur.

"Bless, oh, bless this my son!" he softly murmured, "and help me to forgive him!—as mayest Thou, my Heavenly Father, forgive him, if he be indeed the erring one we fear!"

But a few minutes had elapsed since Mr. Channing had repeated aloud the petition in the prayer taught us by our Saviour—"Lead us not into temptation!" It had come quickly to one of his hearers. If ever temptation assailed a heart, it assailed Arthur's then.

"Not *I*, father; it is Hamish who is guilty; it is for him I have to bear. Hamish, whom you are caressing, was the true culprit; I, whom you despise, am innocent."

Words, such as these, might have hovered on Arthur's lips; they were near doing it, but for the strangely imploring look cast to him from the tearful eyes of Constance, who read his struggle. Arthur remembered One who had endured temptation far greater than this; who is ever ready to grant the same strength of patience to those who need it. A few moments, and the struggle and the temptation faded away, and he had not yielded to it.

"Children, I do not like these partings. They always sadden my heart. They make me long for that life where partings shall be no more. Oh, my dear ones, do you all strive on to attain to that blessed life! Think what would be our woeful grief—if such can assail us there; if memory of the past may be allowed us—should we find any one of our dear ones absent—of you who now stand around me! I speak to you all—not more to one than to another—absent through his own fault, his own sin, his own carelessness! Oh, children! you cannot tell my love for you—my anxious care!—lest any of you should lose this inconceivable blessing. Work on; strive on; and if we never meet again here—"

"Oh, papa, papa," wildly sobbed Annabel, "we shall meet again! You will come back well."

"I trust we shall! I do trust I may! God is ever merciful and good. All I would have said was, that my life is uncertain; that, if it be His will not to spare me, I shall but have preceded you to that better land. My blessing be upon you, my children! God's blessing be upon you! Fare you well."

In the bustle of getting Mr. Channing to the fly, Arthur was left alone with his mother. She clung to him, sobbing much. Even her faith in him was shaken. When the rupture occurred between Mr. Yorke and Constance, Arthur never spoke up to say, "There is no cause for parting; I am not guilty." Mrs. Channing was not the only one who had expected him to say this, or something equivalent; and she found her expectation vain. Arthur had maintained a studied silence; of course it could only tell against him.

"Mother! my darling mother! I would ask you to trust me still, but that I see how difficult it is for you!" he said, as hot tears were wrung from his aching heart."

"God can clear away the darkest cloud," she answered. "I can only wait and pray."

Hamish came in. Arthur, not caring to exhibit his emotion for everybody's benefit, retired to the distant window.

"My father is in, all comfortable," said Hamish. "Mother, are you sure you have everything?"

"Everything, I believe."

"Well—put this into your private purse, mother mine. You'll find a use for it."

It was a ten pound note. Mrs. Channing began protesting she should have enough without it.

"Mrs. Channing, I know your 'enoughs,'" laughed Hamish, in his very gayest and lightest tone. "You'll be for going without dinner every other day, fearing the funds won't last. If you don't take it, I shall send it after you to-morrow."

"Thank you, my dear, considerate boy!" she gratefully said, as she put up the money, which would, in good truth, prove useful. "But how have you been able to get it for me?"

"As if a man could not save up his odd sixpences for a rainy day!" quoth Hamish.

She implicitly believed him. She had entire faith in her darling Hamish; and the story of his embarrassments had not reached her ear. Arthur heard all from his distant window.

"For that very money, given to my mother as a gift from *him*, I must suffer," was the rebellious thought that ran through his heart.

The fly started. Mr. and Mrs. Channing and Charley inside, Hamish on the box with the driver. Tom galloped to the station on foot. Of course the boys were eager to see them off. But Arthur, in his refined sensitiveness, would not put himself forward to make one; and nobody asked him to do so.

The train was on the point of starting. Mr. and Mrs. Channing were in their places, certain arrangements having been made for the convenience of Mr. Channing, who was partially lying across from one seat to the other; Hamish and the others were standing round for a last word, when there came one, fighting his way through the platform's bustle, pushing porters, and anybody else who impeded his progress, to the right about. It was Roland Yorke.

"Haven't I come up at a splitting pace! I overslept myself, Mr. Channing, and thought I should not be in time to give you a God speed. I hope you'll have a pleasant time, and come back cured, sir!"

"Thank you, Roland. These heartfelt wishes from you all are very welcome."

"I say, Mr. Channing," continued Roland, leaning over the carriage window, in utter disregard to danger, "if you should hear of any good place abroad, that you think I might do for, I wish you'd speak a word for me."

"Place abroad!" repeated Mr. Channing, while Hamish burst into a laugh.

"Yes," said Roland. "My brother George knew a fellow who went over to Austria or Prussia, or some of those places, and dropped into a very good thing there, quite by accident. It was connected with one of the embassies, I think; five or six hundred a year, and but little to do."

Mr. Channing smiled.

"Windfalls, like that, are rare. I fear I am not likely to hear of anything of the sort. But what has Mr. Galloway done to you, Roland? You are a fixture with him."

"I am tired of Galloway's," frankly confessed Roland. "I didn't enjoy myself there before Arthur left, but I am fit to hang myself since, with nobody to speak to but that calf of a Jenkins! If Galloway will take on Arthur again, and do him honor, I'll stop and make the best of it; but if he won't—"

"Back! back! hands off there! are you mad?" And amidst much shouting, and running, and dragging back careless Roland out of danger, the train steamed out of the station.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ABROAD.

A powerful steamer was cutting smoothly through the waters. The large expanse of sea lay around, dotted with its numerous fishing-boats, which had come out with the night's tide; a magnificent vessel, her spars glittering in the rising sun, might be observed in the distance, and the gray, misty sky, overhead, gave promise of a hot and lovely day.

Some of the passengers lay on deck, where they had stationed themselves the previous night, preferring its open air to the closeness of the cabins, in the event of rough weather. Rough weather they need not have feared. The passage had been perfectly calm; the sea smooth as a lake; not a breath of wind had there been to help the good ship upon her course; steam had to do its full work. But for this dead calm, the fishing craft would not be huddling in, close in shore, looking like a shoal of sea-gulls, more than like themselves. Had a wind, ever so gentle, sprung up, they would have put out farther, to more prolific waters.

A noise, a shout, a greeting! and some of the passengers, already awake, but lying lazily yet, sprang up to see what caused it. It was a meeting steamer, bound for home, for the great metropolis which they had quitted not seventeen hours previously. The respective captains exchanged salutes from their places aloft, and the fine boats cut past each other.

"*Bon voyage! bon voyage!*" shouted out a little French boy to the retreating steamer.

"We have had a fine passage, captain," observed a gentleman, who was stretching himself and stamping about the deck, after his night's repose on the hard bench.

"Middling," responded the captain, to whom a dead calm was not quite so agreeable as it was to his passengers. "Should ha' been in all the sooner for a breeze."

"How long shall we be now?"

"An hour and a half, good. Can't go along as if the wind was at our backs."

The steamer made good progress, however, in spite of not being helped by the faithless wind; and, by-and-by, the beautiful spire of Antwerp Cathedral was discerned, rising against the clear sky. Mrs. Channing, who had been one of those early astir, went back to her husband. He was lying where he had been placed when the vessel left St. Katherine's Docks.

"We shall soon be in, James. I wish you could see that noble spire. I have been searching for it ever so long; it is in sight now. Hamish told me to keep a look-out for it."

"Did he?" replied Mr. Channing. "How did Hamish know it might be seen?"

"From the guide-books, I suppose; or by hearsay, possibly. Hamish seems to know everything. What a favorable passage we have had!"

"Ay," said Mr. Channing; "I cannot help regarding it as an especial mercy shown to me. What I should have done in a rough passage, I cannot tell. The dread of it has been pressing on me like a night-mare, since our voyage was fixed."

Mrs. Channing smiled.

"Troubles seldom come from the quarter we anticipate them."

Later when Mrs. Channing was once more leaning over the side of the vessel, a man came up and put a card in her hand, jabbering away in German to her at the same time.

"Oh, dear, if Constance were but here! it is for the speaking that we shall miss her," thought Mrs. Channing. "I am sorry that I do not understand you," she said, turning to the man.

"Madame want an hot-el? That hot-el a good one," tapping the card with his finger, and dextrously turning the reverse side upward, where was set forth in English the desirableness of a certain Antwerpian hotel.

"Thank you, but we make no stay at Antwerp; we go straight on at once." And she would have handed back the card.

No, he would not receive it.

"Madame might be wanting an hot-el at another time; on her return, it might be. If so, would she patronize it? it was a good hot-el; perfect!"

Mrs. Channing slipped the card into her reticule, and searched in her private directions to see what hotel Hamish had marked down, should they require one at Antwerp. She found it to be the Hotel du Parc; not the one recommended on the man's card. Hamish certainly had contrived to acquire for them a vast fund of information; and, as it turned out, information to be relied on.

Breakfast was to be obtained on board the steamer, and they availed themselves of it, as did a few of the other passengers. Some delay occurred in the bringing the steamer to the side, after they arrived; whether from that cause, or the captain's grievance—want of wind—or from both, they were in later than they ought to have been. When the first passenger put his foot on land, they had been out twenty hours.

Mr. Channing was the last to be removed as, with him, there was aid required. Mrs. Channing stood on shore, at the head of the ladder, looking down anxiously, lest in any way hurt should come to him, when she found a hand laid upon her shoulder, and a familiar voice saluted her.

"Mrs. Channing! Who would have thought of seeing you here? Have you dropped from the moon?"

Not only was the voice familiar, but the face also. In the surprise of being so addressed, in the confusion around her, Mrs. Channing positively did not for a moment recognize it; all she saw was, that it was a *home* face. "Mr. Huntley!" she exclaimed, when she gathered her senses, and, in the rush of pleasure of meeting him, of not feeling utterly alone in that strange land, she put both her hands into his. "I may return your question by asking where you have dropped from. I thought you were in the South of France."

"So I was," he answered, "until a few days ago, when business brought me to Antwerp. A gentleman is living here whom I wished to see. Take care, my men!" he continued, to the English sailors, who were carrying up Mr. Channing. "Mind your footing!"

But the ascent was accomplished in safety, and Mr. Channing placed in a carriage; one of the custom-house officials condescending to come to the carriage-door and take a look at Mr. Channing, that his passing through the custom-house might be dispensed with. For Mrs. Channing, there was no such excuse, and she turned to the building, Mr. Huntley kindly offering to escort her.

"Do you understand their lingo?" he asked, as the landing waiters talked and chattered around.

"Not a syllable," she answered. "I can manage a little French, but this is as a sealed book to me. Is it German or Flemish?"

"Flemish, I conclude," he said, laughingly; "but my ears will not tell me, any more than yours. I should have done well to bring Ellen with me. She said to me, in her saucy way, 'Papa, when you get among the French and Germans, you will be wishing for me to interpret for you.'"

"As I have been wishing for Constance," replied Mrs. Channing. "In our young days, it was no more thought essential to learn German than it was to learn Hindustanee.—French was only partially taught."

"Quite true," said Mr. Huntley. "I have managed to rub through France after a fashion, but I don't know what the natives thought of my French: what I did know, I have half forgotten. But, now for explanations. Of course, Mr. Channing is come to try the effect of the German springs?"

"Yes, and we have such hopes!" she answered. "There does appear to be a probability that not only relief, but a cure, may be effected; otherwise, you may be sure we should not have ventured on the expense."

"I always said Mr. Channing ought to try them."

"Very true; you did so. We were only waiting, you know, for the termination of the chancery suit. It is terminated, Mr. Huntley, and against us."

Mr. Huntley had been abroad since June, travelling in different parts of the continent; but he had heard from home regularly, chiefly from his daughter, and this loss of the suit was duly communicated with other news.

"Never mind," said he, to Mrs. Channing. "Better luck next time."

He was of a remarkably gay, pleasant disposition, in temperament not unlike Hamish Channing. A man of keen intellect was Mr. Huntley; his fine face expressed it. The ordeal of the customs passed, they rejoined Mr. Channing.

"I have scarcely said a word to you," Mr. Huntley cried, taking his hand. "But I am better pleased to see you here, than I should be anybody else living. It is the first step towards a cure. Where are you bound for?"

"For Borcette. It is—"

"I know it," interrupted Mr. Huntley. "I was at it a year or two ago. One of the little 'Brunnens,' near Aix-la-Chapelle. I stayed a whole week there. I have a great mind to proceed thither with you, now, and settle you there."

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Mr. Channing, his face lighting up, as the faces of invalids will light up at the anticipated companionship of a friend. "If you can spare the time, do come with us."

"My time is my own; the business that brought me here is concluded, and I was thinking of leaving to-day. Having nothing to do after my early breakfast, I strolled down to watch in the London steamer, little thinking I should see you arrive by it. That's settled, then: I will accompany you as far as Borcette, and see you installed."

"When do you return home?"

"Now; and glad enough I shall be to get there. Travelling is delightful for a change, but when you have had sufficient of it, home peeps out in the vista, with all its charms."

The train which Mr. and Mrs. Channing had intended to take was already gone, through the delay in the steamer reaching Antwerp, and they had to wait for another. When it started, it had them safely in it, and Mr. Huntley with them. Their route lay through the beautiful valley of Liege, a province of the Netherlands; so beautiful that it is worth going the whole distance from England to see. Then they reached Malines, and started on again for the Prussian frontier.

"What is this disturbance about the seniorship and Lady Augusta Yorke?" Mr. Huntley asked, as it suddenly occurred to his recollection, just as they left Malines behind them. "Master Harry has written me a letter full of notes of exclamation and indignation, saying I ought to come home and see about it. What is it?"

Mr. Channing explained; at least as much as he knew of it to explain.

"It has given rise to a good deal of dissatisfaction in the school," he added, "but I cannot think, for my own part, that it can have any foundation. Mr. Pye would not be likely to give a promise of the kind, either to Lady Augusta or to any other of the boys' friends."

"If he attempted to give one to me, I should throw it back to him with a word of a sort," hastily rejoined Mr. Huntley, in a warm tone. "Nothing can possibly be more unjust than to elevate one boy over another's head undeservedly; nothing, in my opinion, can be more pernicious It is enough to render the boy himself unjust through his life; to give him loose ideas of right and wrong. Have you not inquired into it?"

"No," replied Mr. Channing.

"I shall; if I find reason to suspect there may be cause. I shall certainly inquire into it. Underhand work of that sort goes, with me, against the grain. I can stir in it with a better grace than you can," Mr. Huntley added; "my son being pretty sure not to succeed to the seniorship, so long as yours is above him to take it. Tom Channing will make a good senior; better than Harry would. Harry, in his easy indifference, would suffer the school to lapse into insubordination; Tom will keep a tight hand over it."

A sensation of pain darted across the heart of Mr. Channing. Only the day previous to his quitting home, he had accidentally heard a few words spoken between Tom and Charley, which had told him that Tom's chance of the seniorship was perilled, through the business connected with Arthur. Mr. Channing had then questioned Tom, and found that it was so. He must speak of this now to Mr. Huntley, however painful it might be to himself to do so. It were more manly to meet it openly than to bury it in silence, and let Mr. Huntley hear of it (if he had not yet heard of it) as soon as he got to Helstonleigh.

"Have you heard anything particular about Arthur lately?" inquired Mr. Channing.

"Of course I have," was the answer.—"Ellen did not fail to give me a full account. I congratulate you on possessing such sons."

"Congratulate! To what do you allude?" asked Mr. Channing.

"To Arthur's seeking after Jupp's place as soon as he knew that the suit had failed.—He's a true Channing. I am glad he got it."

"Not to that—I did not allude to that," hastily rejoined Mr. Channing.

And then, with downcast eyes, and a downcast heart, he related sufficient to put Mr. Huntley in possession of the facts.

Mr. Huntley heard the tale with incredulity, a smile of ridicule parting his lips.

"Suspect Arthur of theft!" he exclaimed. "What next? Had I been in my place on the magistrates' bench that day, I should have dismissed the charge at once, upon such defective evidence. Channing, what is the matter?"

Mr. Channing laid his hand upon his aching brow, and Mr. Huntley had to bend over him to catch the whispered answer—

"I do fear that he may be guilty. If he is not guilty, some strange mystery altogether is attached to it."

"But why do you fear that he is guilty?" asked Mr. Huntley, in surprise.

"Because his own conduct, relative to the charge, is so strange. He will not assert his innocence; or, if he does attempt to assert it, it is done with a faint, hesitating manner and tone, that can only impart the impression of falsehood instead of truth."

"It is utterly absurd to suppose your son Arthur capable of the like guilt. He is one of those whom it is impossible to doubt: noble, true, honorable! No; I would suspect myself, before I could suspect Arthur Channing."

"I would have suspected myself before I had suspected him," impulsively spoke Mr. Channing. "But there are the facts, coupled with his non-denial. He could not deny it, even to the satisfaction of Mr. Galloway; did not attempt it; had he done so, Galloway would not have turned him from the office."

Mr. Huntley fell into thought, revolving over the details, as they had been related to him. That Arthur was the culprit, his judgment entirely repudiated; and he came to the conclusion that he must be screening another. He glanced at Mrs. Channing, who sat in troubled silence.

"You do not believe Arthur guilty?" he said, in a low tone, suddenly bending over to her.

"I do not know what to believe; I am racked with doubt and pain," she answered. "Arthur's private words to me are only compatible with entire innocence; but then, what becomes of the broad facts?—of his strange appearance of guilt before the world? God can bring his innocence to light, he says; and he is content to wait His time."

"If there is a mystery, I'll try and come to the bottom of it, when I reach Helstonleigh," thought Mr. Huntley. "Arthur's not guilty, whoever else may be."

It was impossible to shake his firm faith in Arthur Channing. Mr. Huntley was one of those few who read characters strongly and surely, and he *knew* Arthur was incapable of doing wrong. Had his eyes witnessed Arthur positively steal the bank-note, his mind, his judgment would have refused credence to his eyes. You may, therefore, judge that neither then nor afterwards, was he likely to admit the possibility of Arthur's own guilt.

"And the college school is saying Tom shall not stand for the seniorship!" he resumed, aloud. "Does my son say it?"

"Some of them are saying it; I believe the majority of the school. I do not know whether your son is amongst the number."

"He had better not let me find him to be so," cried Mr. Huntley. "But now, don't you suffer this affair to worry you," he added, turning heartily to Mr. Channing. "If Arthur's guilty, I'll eat him; and I shall make it my business to look into it closely when I reach home. You are incapacitated, my old friend, and I shall act for you."

"Did Ellen not mention this in writing to you?"

"No; the sly puss! Catch Miss Ellen writing to me anything that might tell against the Channings."

A silence followed. The subject, which the words seemed to hint at, was one upon which there could be no openness between them. A warm attachment had sprung up between Hamish Channing and Ellen Huntley; but whether Mr. Huntley would sanction it, now that the suit had failed, was doubtful. He had never explicitly sanctioned it previously: tacitly, in so far as that he had not interfered to prevent Ellen meeting Hamish in society—in friendly intercourse. Probably he had never looked upon it in a serious point of view; possibly, he had never noticed it. Hamish had not spoken even to Ellen; but, that they did care for each other very much, was evident to those who chose to open their eyes.

"No two people in all Helstonleigh were so happy in their children as you!" exclaimed Mr. Huntley. "Or had such cause to be."

"None happier," assented Mrs. Channing, the tears rising to her eyes. "They were, and are, so good, so dutiful, so loving. Would you believe that Hamish, little as he can have to spare, has been one of the chief contributors to help us here?"

Mr. Huntley lifted his eyebrows with a surprised gesture.

"Hamish has! How did he accomplish it?"

"He has, indeed. I fancy he has been saving up with this view. Dear, self-denying Hamish!"

Now, it just happened that Mr. Huntley was cognizant of Mr. Hamish's embarrassments; so how the "saving up" could have been effected, he was at a loss to know.

"Careless Hamish may have borrowed it," thought he to himself, "but saved it up he has not."

"What are we approaching now?" interrupted Mr. Channing.

They were approaching the Prussian frontier; and there they had to change trains: more embarrassment for Mr. Channing. After that, they went on without interruption, and arrived safely at the terminus, almost close to Borcette, having been about four hours on the road.

"Borcette at last!" cheerily exclaimed Mr. Huntley, as he shook Mr. Channing's hand. "Please God, it may prove to you a place of healing!"

"Amen!" was the softly murmured answer.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Channing was delighted with Borcette. Poor Mr. Channing could as yet see but little of it. It was an unpretending, small place, scarcely ten minutes' distance from Aix-la-Chapelle, to which she could walk through an avenue of trees. She had never before seen a bubbling fountain of boiling water, and regarded those of Borcette with much interest. The hottest, close to the Hotel Rosenbad, where they sojourned, boasted a temperature of more than 150 degrees Fahrenheit; it was curious to see it rising in the very middle of the street. Other things amused her, too; in fact, all she saw was strange, and bore its peculiar interest. She watched the factory people flocking to and fro at stated hours in the day—for Borcette has its factories for woollen fabrics and looking-glasses—some thousands of souls, their promenade as regular and steady as that of school-girls on their daily march under the governess's eye. The men wore blue blouses; the women, neat and clean, wore neither bonnets nor caps; but their hair was twisted smoothly round their heads, artistically, as if done by a hair-dresser. Not one, women or girls, but wore enormous gold ear-rings, and the girls plaited their hair, and let it hang behind. What a contrast they presented to their class in England! Mrs. Channing had, not long before, spent a few weeks in one of our large factory towns in the north. She remembered still the miserable, unwholesome, dirty, poverty-stricken appearance of the factory workers there—their almost *disgraceful* appearance; she remembered still the boisterous or the slouching manner with which they proceeded to their work; their language anything but choice. But these Prussians looked a respectable, well-conducted, well-to-do body of people; their clothes were good; their manners and conduct admirable. Where could the great difference lie? Not in wages; for the English were better paid than the Germans. We should go abroad to learn economy, and many other desirable accompaniments of daily life. Nothing amused her more than to see the laundresses, and housewives generally, washing the linen at these boiling springs; wash, wash, wash! chatter! chatter! chatter! She thought they must have no water in their own homes, for they would flock in numbers to the springs with their kettles and jugs, to fill them.

It was Doctor Lamb who had recommended them to the Hotel Rosenbad; and they found the recommendation a good one. Removed from the narrow, dirty, offensive streets of the little town, it was desirably situated. The promenade, with its broad walks, its smart company (many of them invalids nearly as helpless as Mr. Channing), and its oft-playing musical bands, was right in front of the hotel windows; a pleasant sight for Mr. Channing until he could get about there himself. On the heights behind the hotel two churches were situated; and it seemed that some musical service was for ever going on in one or other of them, the sound of which would be wafted down in the softest and sweetest strains of melody. In the neighborhood there was a shrine, to which pilgrims flocked. Mrs. Channing regarded them with interest, some with their alpenstocks, some in fantastic dresses, some with strings and strings of beads, which they knelt and told; and her thoughts went back to the old times of the Crusaders. All she saw pleased her; but for the anxiety as to what would be the effect of the new treatment upon her husband, and the ever-lively trouble regarding Arthur, it would have been a time of real delight to Mrs. Channing.

They could not have been better off than in the Hotel Rasebud. Their rooms were on the second floor—a small, exquisitely pretty sitting room, bearing a great resemblance to most continental sitting rooms, its carpet red, its muslin curtains snowy white; from this opened a bed room, containing two beds, all as convenient as it could be. Their meals, three per day, were excellent; the dinner-table in particular being abundantly supplied. For all this they paid five francs per day each, and the additional accommodation of having the repasts served in their room, on account of Mr. Channing, was not regarded as an extra. Their wax-lights were charged extra, and that was all. I wish English hotel-keepers would take a lesson from Borcette!

The doctor gave great hopes of Mr. Channing. Of course his expense, with the cost of the baths, was additional; the laundress was, also. The doctor's opinion was, that, had Mr. Channing come to these baths when he was first taken ill, his confinement would have been but trifling.

"You will find the greatest benefit in a month," said the doctor, in answer to the anxious question, How long the restoration might be coming. "In two months you will walk charmingly; in three, you will be well." Cheering news, if it could only be borne out.

"I will not have you say, 'If,'" cried Mr. Huntley, who made one in the consultation with the doctor. "You are told that it will be so, under God's blessing, and all you have to do is to anticipate it."

Mr. Channing smiled. They were stationed round the open window of the sitting-room, he on the most comfortable of sofas, Mrs. Channing watching the gay prospect below, and thinking she should never be tired of looking at it.

"There can be no hope without fear," said he.

"But I'd not think of the fear; I'd bury that, altogether," said Mr. Huntley. "You have nothing to do, here, but to apply the remedies, look forward with confidence, and be happy as the day's long."

"I will if I can," said Mr. Channing, with some approach to gayety. "I should not have gone to the expense of coming here, but that I had great hopes of the result."

"Expense, you call it! I call it a marvel of cheapness."

"For your pocket; cheap as it is, it will tell upon mine; but if it does effect my restoration, I shall soon repay it tenfold."

"'If' again! It will effect it, I say. What shall you do with Hamish, when you can resume your place at the head of your office?"

"Let me resume it, first, Huntley."

"There you go! Now, if you were only as sanguine and sure as you ought to be, I could recommend Hamish to something good, to-morrow."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"But, if you persist in saying you shall not get well, or that there's a doubt whether you will get well, where's the use of my doing it? So long as you are incapacitated, Hamish must be a fixture in Guild Street."

"True."

"So I shall say no more about it at present. But remember, my old friend, that when you shall be upon your legs, and have no further need of Hamish—who, I expect, will not care to drop down to a clerk again, where he has been master—I may be able to help him to something; so do not let anticipations on his score worry you. I suppose you will be losing Constance, soon?"

Mr. Channing gave vent to a groan: a sharp attack of his malady pierced his frame just then. Certain reminiscences, caused by the question, may have helped its poignancy; but of that Mr. Huntley had no suspicion.

In the evening, when Mrs. Channing was sitting under the acacia trees, Mr. Huntley joined her, and she took the opportunity of alluding to the subject. "Do not mention it again in the presence of my husband," she said: "talking of it can only bring it before his mind with more vivid force. Constance and Mr. Yorke have parted."

Had Mrs. Channing told him the cathedral had parted, Mr. Huntley could not have felt more surprise.

"Parted!" he ejaculated. "From what cause?"

"It occurred through this dreadful affair of Arthur's. I fancy that the fault was as much Constance's as Mr. Yorke's, but I do not know the exact particulars. He did not like it; he thought, I believe, that the marrying a sister of Arthur's would tinge his honor—or she thought it. Any way, they parted."

"Had William Yorke been engaged to my daughter, and given her up upon so shallow a plea, I should have been disposed to chastise him," intemperately spoke Mr. Huntley, carried away by his strong feeling.

"But I say I fancy the giving up was on Constance's side," repeated Mrs. Channing. "She has a keen sense of honor, and she knows the pride of the Yorkes."

"Pride such as that would be the better for being taken down a notch," returned Mr. Huntley. "I am sorry for this. The accusation has indeed been productive of serious effects. Why did not Arthur go to William Yorke and avow his innocence, and tell him there was no cause for their parting? Did he not do so?"

Mrs. Channing shook her head only, by way of answer; and, as Mr. Huntley scrutinized her pale, sad countenance, he began to think there must be greater mystery about the affair than he had supposed. He said no more.

On the third day he quitted Borcette, having seen them, as he expressed it, fully installed, and pursued his route homewards, by way of Lille, Calais, and Dover. Mr. Huntley was no friend to long sea passages: people with plenty of money in their pockets rarely are.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN OMINOUS COUGH.

"I say, Jenkins, how you cough!"

"Yes, sir, I do. It's a sign that the autumn weather's coming on. I have been pretty free from it all the summer. I think the few days I lay in bed, through that fall, must have been beneficial to my chest; for, since then, I have hardly coughed at all. This last day or two it has been bad again."

"Worst cough d'ye call it?" went on Roland Yorke—you may have guessed he was the speaker. "A churchyard cough?"

"Well, I don't know, sir," said Jenkins. "It *has* been called that, before now. I dare-say it will be the end of me at last."

"Cool!" ejaculated Roland. "Cooler than I should be, if I had a cough, or any plague of the sort, that was likely to be *my* end. Does it trouble your mind, Jenkins?"

"No, sir, not exactly. It gives me rather down hearted thoughts now and then, till I remember that everything is sure to be ordered for the best."

"The best! Should you call it for 'the best' if you were to go off?" demanded Roland, drawing pen-and-ink chimneys, with clouds of smoke coming out, upon his blotting-paper, as he sat lazily at his desk.

"I dare say, sir, if that were to happen, I should be enabled to see that it was *for* the best. There's no doubt of it."

"According to that theory, everything that happens must be for the best. You may as well say that pitching on to your head and half killing yourself, was for the best! Moonshine, Jenkins!"

"I think even that accident was sent for some wise purpose, sir. I know, in some respects, it was very palpably for the best. It afforded me some days of quiet, of serious reflection, and it served to show how considerate everybody was for me."

"And the pain?"

"That was soon over, sir. It made me think of that better place where there will be no pain. If I am to be called there early, Mr. Roland, it is well that my thoughts should be led to it."

Roland stared with all his eyes. "I say, Jenkins, what do you mean? You have got nothing serious the matter with you?"

"No, sir; nothing but the cough, and a weakness that I feel. My mother and my brother both died of the same thing, sir."

"Oh, nonsense!" returned Roland. "Because one's mother dies, is that any reason why we should fall into low spirits and take up the notion that we are going to die, and look out for it? I am surprised at you, Jenkins."

"I am not in low spirits, sir; and I am sure I don't look out for it. I might have looked out for it in any autumn or any spring of late, had I been that way inclined, for I have had the cough at those periods, as you know, sir. There's a difference, Mr. Roland, between looking out for a thing, and not shutting one's eyes to what may come."

"I say, old fellow, you just put all such notions away from you"—and Roland really meant to speak in a kindly spirit of cheering. "My father died of dropsy; and I may just as well set on, and poke and pat at myself every other morning, to see if it's not attacking me. Only think what would become of this office, without you! Galloway would fret and fume himself into his tomb, at only having me in it."

A smile crossed Jenkins's face at the idea of the office confided to the management of Roland Yorke. Poor Jenkins was one of the doubtful ones, in a sanatory point of view. Always shadowy, as if a wind would blow him away, and for some years suffering much from a cough, which only disappeared in summer, he could not, and *did not*, count upon a long life. He had entirely recovered from his accident, but the cough had now come on with much force, and he was feeling unusually weak.

"You don't look ill, Jenkins."

"Don't I, sir? The Reverend Mr. Yorke met me, to-day—"

"Don't bring up his name before me!" interrupted Roland, raising his voice to anger. "I may begin to swear, perhaps, if you do."

"Why, what has he done?" wondered Jenkins.

"Never mind what he has done," nodded Roland. "He is a disgrace to the name of Yorke. I enjoyed the pleasure of telling him so, the other night, more than I have enjoyed anything a long while. He was so mad! If he had not been a parson, I shouldn't wonder but he'd have pitched into me."

"Mr. Roland, sir, you know the parties are waiting for that lease," Jenkins ventured to remind him.

"Let the parties wait," rejoined Roland. "Do they think this office is going to be hurried, as if it were nothing but a common lawyer's? I say, Jenkins, where has old Galloway taken flight to, this afternoon?"

"He has an appointment with the surrogate," answered Jenkins. "Oh!—I quite forgot to mention something to you, Mr. Roland."

"Mention it now," said Roland.

"A person came this morning, sir, and was rather loud," said Jenkins, in a tone of deprecation, as if he would apologize for having to repeat the news. "He thought you were in, Mr. Roland, and that I was only denying you, and he grew insolent. Mr. Galloway happened to be in his room, unfortunately, and heard it, and he came out himself, and sent the person away. Mr. Galloway was very angry, and he desired me to tell you, sir, that he would not have that sort of people coming here."

Roland took up the ruler, and essayed to balance it on the edge of his nose.

"Who was it?" asked he.

"I am not sure who it was, though I know I have seen the man, somewhere. I think he wanted payment of a bill, sir."

"Nothing more likely," rejoined Roland, with characteristic indifference. "I hope his head won't ache till he gets it! I am cleared out for some time to come. I'd like to know who the fellow was, though, Jenkins, that I might punish him for his impudence. How dare he come here?"

"I asked him to leave his name, sir, and he said Mr. Roland Yorke knew his name quite well enough, without having it left for him."

"As brassy as that, was he? I wish to goodness it was the fashion to have a cistern in your house-roofs!" emphatically added Roland.

"A what, sir?" cried Jenkins, lifting his eyes from his writing.

"A water cistern, with a moveable tap, worked by a string, at pleasure. You could give it a pull, you know, when such customers as those came, and they'd find themselves under a deluge; that would cool their insolence, if anything would. I'd get up a company for it, and take out a patent, if I only had the ready money."

Jenkins made no reply. He was applying himself diligently to his work, perhaps hoping that Mr. Roland Yorke might take the hint, and do the same. Roland actually did take it; at any rate, he dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote, at the very least, five or six words; then he looked up.

"Jenkins," began he again, "do you know much about Port Natal?"

"I don't know anything about it, sir, except that there is such a place."

"Why, you know nothing!" cried Roland; "I never saw such a muff. I wonder what you reckon yourself good for, Jenkins?"

Jenkins shook his head. No matter what reproach was brought against him, he received it meekly, as if it were his due.

"I am not good for much, sir, beyond just my daily duty here. To know about Port Natal and those foreign places is not in my work, sir, and so I'm afraid I neglect them. Did you want any information about Port Natal, Mr. Roland?"

"I have got it," said Roland; "loads of it. I am not sure that I shan't make a start for it, Jenkins."

"For Port Natal, sir? Why, it's all the way to Africa!"

"Do you suppose I thought it was in Wales?" retorted Roland. "It's the jolliest opening for an enterprising man, is Port Natal. You may land there to-day with a half-a-crown in your pocket, and come away in a year or two with your fortune made."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Jenkins. "How is it made, sir?"

"Oh, you learn all that when you get there. I shall *go*, Jenkins, if things don't look up a bit here."

"What things, sir?" Jenkins ventured to ask.

"Tin, for one thing; work for another," answered Roland. "If I don't get more of the one, and less of the other, I shall try Port Natal. I had a row with my lady at dinner time. She thinks a paltry sovereign or two ought to last a fellow for a month. My service to her! I just dropped a hint of Port Natal, and left her weeping. She'll have come to, by this evening, and behave liberally."

"But, about the work, sir?" said Jenkins. "I'm sure I make it as light for you as I possibly can. You have only had that lease, sir, all yesterday and to-day."

"Oh, it's not just the *amount* of work, Jenkins," acknowledged Roland; "it's the being tied by the leg to this horrid old office. As good work as play, if one has to be in it. I have been fit to cut it altogether every hour, since Arthur Channing left: for you know you are no company, Jenkins."

"Very true, sir."

"If I could only get Arthur Channing to go with me, I'd be off to-morrow! But he laughs at it. He hasn't got half pluck. Only fancy, Jenkins! my coming back in a year or two with twenty thousand pounds in my pocket! Wouldn't I give you a treat, old chap! I'd pay a couple of clerks to do your work here, and carry you off somewhere, in spite of old Galloway, for a six months' holiday, where you'd get rid of that precious cough. I *would*, Jenkins."

"You are very kind, sir. I—"

Jenkins was stopped by the "precious cough." It seemed completely to rack his frame. Roland looked at him with sympathy, and just then steps were heard to enter the passage, and a knock came to the office door.

"Who's come bothering now?" cried Roland. "Come in!"

Possibly the mandate was not heard, for poor Jenkins was coughing still.

"Don't I tell you to come in?" roared out Roland. "Are you deaf?"

"Open the door. I don't care to soil my gloves," came back the answer from the other side.

And Mr. Roland slid off his stool to obey, rather less lazily than usual, for the voice was that of his mother, the Lady Augusta Yorke.

"A very dutiful son you are, Mr. Roland!" was the salutation of Lady Augusta. "Forcing me up from my dinner before I had finished it."

"I didn't do anything of the sort," said Roland.

"Yes, you did. With your threats about Port Natal! What do you know about Port Natal? Why should you go to Port Natal? You will break my heart with grief, that's what you will do."

"I was not going to start this afternoon," returned Roland. "But, the fact is, mother, I shall have to go to Port Natal, or to some other port, unless I can get a little money to go on with here. A fellow can't walk about with empty pockets."

"You undutiful, extravagant boy!" exclaimed Lady Augusta. "I am worried out of my life for money between you all. Gerald got two sovereigns from me yesterday. What money do you want?"

"As much as you can let me have," replied Mr. Roland.

Lady Augusta threw a five-pound note by his side upon the desk.

"When you boys have driven me into the workhouse, you'll be satisfied, perhaps. And now hold your foolish tongue about Port Natal."

Roland gathered it up with alacrity and a word of thanks. Lady Augusta had turned to Jenkins.

"You are the best off, Jenkins. You have no children to disturb your peace. You don't look well, Jenkins."

"Thank you, kindly, my lady, I do feel but poorly. My cough has become so troublesome again."

"He has just been saying that he thought the cough was going to take him off," interposed Roland.

Lady Augusta laughed; she supposed it was spoken in jest; and desired her son to open the door for her. Her gloves were new and delicate.

"Had you chosen to remain at the dinner table, as a gentleman ought, I should have told you some news, Mr. Roland," said Lady Augusta.

Roland was always ready for news. He opened his eyes and ears.

"Tell it me now, good mother. Don't bear malice."

"Your uncle Carrick is coming here on a visit."

"I am glad of that; that's good!" cried Roland. "When does he come? I say, mother, don't be in a hurry! When does he come?"

But Lady Augusta apparently was in a hurry, for she did not wait to answer. Roland looked after her, and saw her shaking hands with a gentleman, who was about to enter.

"Oh, he's back, is he?" cried unceremonious Roland. "I thought he was dead and buried, and gone to heaven."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NO SENIORSHIP FOR TOM CHANNING.

Shaking hands with Lady Augusta Yorke as she turned out of Mr. Galloway's office, was Mr. Huntley. He had but just arrived at Holstonleigh; had not yet been home; but he explained that he wished to give at once a word of pleasant news to Constance Channing of her father and mother, and on his way to the Boundaries, was calling in on Mr. Galloway.

"You will find Miss Channing at my house," said Lady Augusta, after some warm inquiries touching Mr. and Mrs. Channing. "I would offer to go back there with you, but I am on my way to make some calls." She turned towards the town as she spoke, and Mr. Huntley entered the office.

"I thought you were never coming home again!" cried free Roland. "Why, you have been away three months, Mr. Huntley!"

"Very nearly. Where is Mr. Galloway?"

"In his skin," said Roland.

Jenkins looked up deprecatingly, as if he would apologize for the rudeness of Roland Yorke.

"Mr. Galloway is out, sir. I dare say he will not be away more than half an hour."

"I can't wait now," said Mr. Huntley. "So you are one less in this office than you were when I left?"

"The awfullest shame!" struck in Roland. "Have you heard that Galloway lost a bank-note out of a letter, sir?"

"Yes. I have heard of it from Mr. Channing."

"And they accused Arthur Channing of taking it!" exclaimed Roland, emotion and anger bringing a streak of scarlet to his face. "They took him up for it, he was had up twice to the Town-hall, like any felon. You may be slow to believe it, Mr. Huntley, but it's true."

"It was Butterby, sir," interposed Jenkins. "He was rather too officious over it, and acted without the orders of Mr. Galloway."

"Don't talk rubbish, Jenkins," rebuked Roland. "You have defended Galloway all through the piece, but he is as much to blame as Butterby. Why did he turn off Channing?"

"You do not deem him guilty, Roland, I see," said Mr. Huntley.

"I should hope I don't," answered Roland. "Butterby pitched upon Arthur, because there happened to be nobody else convenient to pitch upon; just as he'd have pitched upon you, Mr. Huntley, had you happened to be in the office that afternoon."

"Mr. Arthur Channing was not guilty, I am sure, sir; pray do not think him so," resumed Jenkins, his eye lighting as he turned to Mr. Huntley. And Mr. Huntley smiled in response to the earnestness. *He* believe Arthur Channing guilty!

He left a message for Mr. Galloway, and quitted the office. Roland, who was very difficult to settle to work again, if once disturbed from it, strided himself across his stool, and tilted it backwards.

"I'm uncommonly glad Carrick's coming!" cried he, "Do you remember him, Jenkins?"

"Who, sir?"

"That uncle of mine. He was at Holstonleigh three years ago."

"I am not sure that I do, sir."

"What a sieve of a memory you must have! He is as tall as a house. We are not bad fellows for height, but Carrick beats us. He is not married, you know, and we look to him to square up many a corner. To do him justice, he never says no, when he has got the cash, but he's often out at elbows himself. It was he bought George his commission and fitted him out; and I know my lady looks to him to find the funds Gerald will want to make him a parson. I wonder what he'll do for me?"

Jenkins was about to answer, but was stopped by his cough. For some minutes it completely exhausted him; and Roland, in the lack of a hearer, was fain to bring the legs of his stool down again, and apply himself lazily to his work.

At this very moment, which was not much past two o'clock in the day, Bywater had got Charley Channing pinned against the palings underneath the elm trees. He had him all to himself. No other boys were within hearing; though many were within sight; for they were assembling in and around the cloisters after their dinner.

"Now, Miss Charley, it's the last time I'll ask you, as true as that we are living here! You are as obstinate as a young mule. I'll give you this one chance, and I'll not give you another. I'd advise you to lay hold upon it, if you have any regard for your skin."

"I don't know anything, Bywater."

"You shuffling little turncoat! I don't *know* that there's any fire in that kitchen chimney of the old dean's, but I am morally certain that there is, because of the clouds of black smoke that are coming out of it. And you know just as well who it was played the trick to my surplice. I don't want you to blurt it out to the school, and I won't bring your name up in it at all; I won't act upon what you tell me. There!"

"Bywater, I don't know; and suspicion goes for nothing. Gaunt said it did not."

Bywater gave Charley a petulant shake.

"I say that you know morally, Miss Channing. I protest that I heard you mention the word 'surplice' to Gerald Yorke, the day there was that row in the cloisters, when Roland Yorke gave Tod a thrashing. Gerald Yorke looked ready to kill you for it, too! Come, out with it. This is about the sixth time I have had you in trap, and you have only defied me."

"I don't defy you, Bywater. I say that I will not tell. I would not if I knew. It is no business of mine."

"You little ninny! Don't you see that your obstinacy is injuring Tom Channing? Yorke is going in for the seniorship; is sure to get it—if it's true that Pye has given the promise to Lady Augusta. But, let it come out that he was the Jack-in-the box, and his chance falls to the ground. And you won't say a word to do good to your brother?"

Charley shook his head. He did not take the bait.

"And Tom himself would be the first to punish me for doing wrong! He never forgives a sneak. It's of no use your keeping me, Bywater."

"Listen, youngster. I have my suspicions; I have had them all along; and I have a clue—that's more. But, for a certain reason, I think my suspicions and my clue point to the wrong party; and I don't care to stir in it till I am sure. One—two—three! for the last time. Will you tell me?"

"No."

"Then, look you, Miss Charles Channing. If I do go and denounce the wrong party, and find out afterwards that it is the wrong one, I'll give you as sweet a drubbing as you ever had, and your girl's face shan't save you. Now go."

He propelled Charley from him with a jerk, and propelled him against Mr. Huntley, who was at that moment turning the corner close to them, on his way from Mr. Galloway's office.

"You can't go through me, Charley," said Mr. Huntley. "Did you think I was made of glass, Bywater?"

"My patience!" exclaimed Bywater. "Why, Harry was grumbling, not five minutes ago, that you were never coming home at all, Mr. Huntley."

"He was, was he? Is he here?"

"Oh, he's somewhere among the ruck of them there," cried Bywater, looking towards the distant boys. "He wants you to see about this bother of the seniorship; if somebody doesn't, we shall get up a mutiny, that's all. Here, Huntley," he shouted at the top of his voice, "here's an arrival from foreign parts."

Some of the nearer boys looked round, and the word was passed to Huntley. Harry Huntley and the rest soon surrounded him, and Mr. Huntley had no cause to complain of the warmth of his reception. When news had recently arrived that Mr. Huntley was coming home, the boys had taken up the hope of his interference. Of course, school-boy-like, they all entered upon it eagerly.

"Stop, stop, stop!" said Mr. Huntley. "One at a time. How can I hear, if you all talk together? Now, what's the grievance?"

They detailed it as rationally and with as little noise as it was in their nature to do. Huntley was the only senior present, but Gaunt came up during the conference.

"It's all a big cram, Mr. Huntley," cried Tom Yorke. "My brother Gerald says that Jenkins dreamt it."

"I'll 'dream' you, if you don't keep your tongue silent, Tom Yorke," reprimanded Gaunt. "Take yourself off to a distance, Mr. Huntley," he added, turning to that gentleman, "it is certain that Lady Augusta said it; and we can't think she'd say it, unless Pye promised it. It is unfair upon Channing and Huntley."

A few more words given to the throng, upon general matters—for Mr. Huntley touched no more on the other subject—and then he continued his way to Lady Augusta's. As he passed the house of the Reverend Mr. Pye, that gentleman was coming out of it. Mr. Huntley, a decisive, straightforward man, entered upon the matter at once, after some moments spent in greeting.

"You will pardon my speaking of it to you personally," he said, when he had introduced it. "In most cases I consider it perfectly unjustifiable for the friends of boys in a public school to interfere with the executive of its master; but this is different. Is it, or is it not correct, that there is an intention afloat to exalt Yorke to the seniorship?"

"Mr. Huntley, you must be aware that in *no case* can the head master of a public school allow himself to be interfered with or questioned," was the reply of the master.

"I hope you will meet this amicably," returned Mr. Huntley. "I have no other wish than to be friendly; quite so. We all deem ourselves under obligations to you, Mr. Pye, and esteem you highly; we could not have, or wish, a better preceptor for our sons. But in this instance, my duty is plain. The injustice—if any such injustice is contemplated—tells particularly upon Tom Channing and my son. Mr. Channing does not give ear to it; I would rather not; nevertheless, you must pardon me for acting, in the uncertainty, as though it had foundation. I presume you cannot be ignorant of the dissatisfied feeling that reigns in the school?"

"I have intimated that I will not be questioned," said Mr. Pye.

"Quite right. I merely wished to express a hope that there may be no foundation for the rumor. If Tom Channing and Harry forfeit their rights legally, through want of merit, or ill conduct, it is not that I would urge a word in their favor. Fair play's a jewel; and the highest boy in the school should have no better chance given him than the lowest. But if the two senior boys do do not so forfeit their rights, Yorke must not be exalted above them."

"Who is to dictate to me?" demanded Mr. Pye.

"Certainly not I," replied Mr. Huntley, in a courteous but firm tone. "Were the thing to take place, I should simply demand, through the dean and chapter, that the charter of the school might be consulted, as to whether its tenets had been strictly followed."

The head master made no reply. Neither did he appear angry; only impassible. Mr. Huntley had certainly hit the right nail upon the head; for the master of Holstonleigh College school was entirely under the control of the dean and chapter.

"I can speak to you upon this all the more freely and with better understanding, since it is not my boy who stands any chance," said Mr. Huntley, with a cordial smile. "Tom Channing heads him on the rolls."

"Tom Channing will not be the senior; I have no objection to affirm so much to you," observed the master, falling in with Mr. Huntley's manner. "This sad affair of his brother Arthur's debars him."

"It ought not to debar him, even were Arthur guilty," warmly returned Mr. Huntley.

"In justice to Tom Channing himself, no. But," and the master dropped his voice to a confidential tone, "it is necessary sometimes to study the prejudices taken up by a school: to see them, and not to appear to see them—if you understand me. Were Tom Channing made the school's head, part of the school would rise up in rebellion; some of the boys would, no doubt, be removed from it. For the peace of the school alone, it could not be done; the boys would not now obey him as senior, and there would be perpetual warfare, resulting we know not in what."

"Arthur Channing was not guilty. I feel as sure of it as I do of my own life."

"He is looked upon as guilty by those who must know best, from their familiarity with the details," rejoined Mr. Pye. "For my own part, I have no resource but to believe him so. I regard it as one of those anomalies which you cannot understand, or would believe in, but that it happens under your own eye, where the moment's yielding to temptation is at variance with the general character, with the whole past life. Of course, in these cases, the disgrace is reflected upon relatives and connections, and they have to suffer for it. I cannot help the school, resenting it upon Tom."

"It will be cruel to deprive Tom of the seniorship upon these grounds," remonstrated Mr. Huntley.

"To himself individually," assented the master. "But it is well that one, promoted to a foundation-school's seniorship, should be free from mortal taint. Were there no feeling whatever against Tom Channing in the school, I do not think I could, consistent with my duty and with a due regard to the fitness of things, place him as senior. I am sorry for the boy; I always liked him; and he has been of good report both as to scholarship and conduct."

"I know one thing," said Mr. Huntley, "that you may search the school through and not find so good a senior as Tom Channing would make."

"He would have made a very good one, there's no doubt. Would have ruled the boys well and firmly, though without oppression. Yes, we lose a good senior in Tom Channing."

There was no more to be said. Mr. Huntley felt that the master was thoroughly decided; and, for the other matter, touching Yorke, he had done with it until the time of appointment. As he went musing on, he began to think that Mr. Pye might be right with regard to depriving Tom of the seniorship, however unjust it might appear to Tom himself. Mr. Huntley remembered that not one of the boys, except Gaunt, had mentioned Tom Channing's name in his recent encounter with them; they had spoken of the injustice of exalting Yorke over *Harry Huntley*. He had not much noticed it at the time.

He proceeded to Lady Augusta's, and Constance was informed of his visit. She had three pupils at Lady Augusta's now, for that lady had kindly insisted that Constance should bring Annabel to study with her daughters, during the absence of Mrs. Channing. Constance left them to themselves and entered the drawing-room. Pretty Constance! so fresh, so lovely, in her simple dress of muslin, and her smoothly braided hair. Mr. Huntley caught her hands, and imparted a very fatherly kiss upon her fair forehead.

"That is from the absentees, Constance. I told them I should give it to you. And I bring you the bravest news, my dear. Mr. Channing was already finding benefit; he was, indeed; there is every hope that he will be restored."

Constance was radiant with delight. To see one who had seen and stayed with her father and mother at their far-off place of sojourn, was almost like seeing them.

"And now, my dear, I want a word with you about all those untoward trials and troubles, which appear to have come thickly during my absence," continued Mr. Huntley.—"First of all, as to yourself. What mischief-making wind has been arising between you and William Yorke?"

The expression of Constance's face changed to sadness, and her cheeks grew crimson.

"My dear, you will not misunderstand

me," he resumed. "I heard of these things at Borcette, and I said that I should undertake to look into them in the place of your father: just as he, health permitting him, would have undertaken for me in my absence, did any trouble arise to Ellen. Is it true that you and Mr. Yorke have parted?"

"Yes," faltered Constance.

"And the cause?"

Constance strove to suppress her tears.

"You can do nothing, Mr. Huntley; nothing whatever. Thank you all the same."

"He has made this accusation upon Arthur the plea for breaking his engagement?"

"I could not marry him with this cloud upon me," she murmured. "It would not be right."

"Cloud upon *you!*" hastily ejaculated Mr. Huntley. "The accusation of Arthur was the sole cause, then, of your parting?"

"Yes; the sole cause which led to it."

Mr. Huntley paused, apparently in thought.

"He is presented to Hazeldon Chapel, I hear. Did his rupture with you take place *after* that occurrence?"

"I see what you are thinking," she impulsively cried, caring too much for Mr. Yorke not to defend him. "The chief fault of the parting was mine. I felt that it would not do to become his wife, being—being—" she hesitated much—"Arthur's sister. I believe that he also felt it. Indeed, Mr. Huntley, there is no help for it; nothing can be done."

"Knowing what I do of William Yorke, I am sure that the pain of separation must be keen, whatever may be his pride. Constance, unless I am mistaken, it is equally keen to you."

Again rose the soft damask blush in the face of Constance. But she answered decisively:

"Mr. Huntley, I pray you to allow the subject to cease. Nothing can bring about a renewal of the engagement between myself and Mr. Yorke. It is irrevocably at an end."

"Until Arthur shall be cleared, you mean?"

"No," she answered, a vision of Hamish and *his* guilt flashing across her, "I mean for good."

"Why does not Arthur assert his innocence to Mr. Yorke? Constance, I am sure you know, as well as I do, that he is not guilty. *Has* he asserted it?"

A rush of glowing crimson now. The questions were becoming close. She made no answer.

"As I would have wished to serve you, so will I serve Arthur," said Mr. Huntley. "I told your father and mother, Constance, that I should make it my business to investigate the charge against him; I shall leave not a stone unturned to bring his innocence to light."

The avowal threw Constance into a panic, and she lost her self-possession.

"Oh, don't! don't!" she uttered. "You must not, indeed! You do not know the mischief it might do."

"Mischief to what?—to whom?" exclaimed Mr. Huntley.

Constance buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. The next moment she had raised it, and taken Mr. Huntley's hand between hers.

"You are papa's friend! you would do no good, and not harm—is it not so?" she beseechingly said.

"My dear child," he exclaimed, quite confounded by her words—her distress, "you know that I would not harm any of you for the world."

"Then *pray* do not seek to dive into that unhappy story," she implored. "It must not be too closely looked into."

And Mr. Huntley quitted Constance, like a man who walks upon his head, so entirely amazed was he. What could be the puzzle?

As he was going through the cloisters—his nearest way to the town—Roland Yorke came flying up; with his usual scant ceremony, he passed his arm within Mr. Huntley's.

"Galloway's come in now," he exclaimed, "and I am off to the bank, to pay in a bag of money for him. Jenkins told him you had called. Just hark at that clatter!"

The clatter, alluded to by Mr. Roland, was occasioned by the tramp of the choristers on the cloister flags. They were coming up behind, full speed, on their way from the schoolroom to enter the cathedral, for the bell had begun for service.

"And here comes that beautiful relative of mine," continued Roland, as he and Mr. Huntley passed the college entrance and turned to the west gate of the cloisters.—"Would you credit it, Mr. Huntley, that he has turned out a sneak? He has. He was to have married Constance Channing, you know; and, for fear Arthur should have touched the note, he has declared off it. If I were Constance, I would never allow the fellow to speak to me again."

Apparently it was the course Mr. Roland himself intended to take. As the Rev. Mr. Yorke, who was coming in to service, drew near, Roland strode on, his step haughty, his head in the air, which was all the notice he vouchsafed to take. Probably the minor canon did not care very much for Mr. Roland's notice, one way or the other; but his eye lighted with pleasure at the sight of Mr. Huntley, and he advanced to him, his hand outstretched.

But Mr. Huntley—a man given to show in his manner his likes and dislikes—would not see the hand, would not stop at all, but passed Mr. Yorke with a distant bow. That gentleman had fallen pretty deep in his estimation, since he heard of the rupture with Constance Channing. Mr. Yorke stood for a moment as if petrified, and then strode on his way with a step as haughty as Roland's.

Roland burst into a glow of delight.

"That's the way to serve him, Mr. Huntley! I hope he'll get cut by every man in Helstonleigh." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Children's games seem to be growing popular with adults now-a-days, as it is not an uncommon thing to see men of all ages *chasing hoops* in the street.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is said that Com. Foote will remain at Cleveland until sufficiently recovered to return to the flotilla.

A letter of the 8th instant, from Beaufort, S. C., says that that place is a delightful and healthy one. The soldiers never enjoyed better health.

Salisbury, N. C., is one of the depots for Union prisoners. There are now confined there 1,480 men of the Federal army, who were captured at Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, and other places.

To all appearances the people of North Carolina are beginning to get tired of the rebel cause, and are thinking of returning to their allegiance to the national government and the Constitution.

Jefferson Davis is said to have four children: Maggie, aged 7; Jeff. Davis, Jr., about 5 years old; Joseph, 3 years, and a baby a month old last Christmas.

The great fact that the alpaca and lama will breed and thrive in Australia, is (says the London Star,) now completely established.—The rate of increase and yield of wool has to be proved by the next few years' experience—but from data furnished by Mr. G. Ledger, we may infer that the increase will be rapid. He calculates on the following result:—In twenty years there will be 20,000; in thirty years, 100,000; in forty years, 1,280,000; in fifty years, 9 760,000; yielding 68,320,000 pounds of wool, value, at 2s. per pound, £6,832,000.

A newspaper correspondent with General Curtis's army at Forsyth, Missouri, gives the following account of a man who deserves to be called an unconditional Unionist:—"In Carroll County a man was tried for boldly avowing Union sentiments. He defied his tormentors, and said he 'would stick to the Union as long as there was a piece left.' He was told that the Union was broken so flue that a piece could not be found. 'Then,' said he, 'I will hang to the stub, and when the stub is gone, I will hang to the hole the stub came out of.' He was released."

A lady lately arrived (says a Buffalo paper,) from the lower regions of Tennessee, relates an amusing story of the way in which she managed to save her valuables. Her husband had left home at the commencement of the rebellion, delegating to her the care of the property—a considerable one. Becoming tired of rebel associations, she at last determined to leave for the North; and converting all her personal goods into gold and silver, at a great sacrifice, she worked the gold coin into the lappings of a pasteboard lined bonnet, and placed the silver pieces between layers of bread and butter deposited in her basket. Setting out on her journey, she thus managed to elude the hordes of thieves that beset her path.

Since the removal of the national troops from Kentucky to the States further south, the secession sentiment in that State has become very apparent.

General Wool's arrival at Norfolk prevented the sale of three hundred and sixteen *free* blacks, of both sexes, who were advertised to be sold.

Suffolk, a town about seventeen miles by rail, from Norfolk, was occupied by the Union forces on Sunday week. No rebel troops were to be found in the surrounding country, and no opposition was made. Many of the inhabitants had left. Some of those who remained were very bitter in their feelings and expressions.

The Legislature of Western Virginia has passed a law repealing a provision of the code by which the people of the State were made to pay for every slave that by reason of crime, was hung or transported.

Martial law has been proclaimed over the city of Charleston and ten miles of the surrounding country.

The Memphis Appeal says the Government wants and must have all the tin roofs on cotton sheds in that city.

Chinese Mode of Treating Rebels.—The Imperial Government of China makes short work of the rebels they capture. At Shanghai, February 15th, they decapitated one hundred and forty-eight who had been taken prisoners. They were placed in rows of three, on a piece of spare ground, when two mandarins, each armed with a powerful sword, about nine feet long, commenced operations at each extremity, making a clean sweep of three heads at one blow. After the slaughter the heads were gathered into baskets and carried to the gates of the city, where they were placed singly in small wooden boxes, exposed to view, to remain till completely rotted away.

Governor Letcher, in his message to the Legislature of Virginia, on the 6th instant, takes the ground that he is more than ever convinced that the army of the confederates and the army of the Union cannot both be supported in the limits of the confederacy.—He therefore sagaciously advises that the war be carried at once into the free States. He is informed that in southern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, there is a large population in sympathy with the rebels, and disposed to give them aid and comfort. This is Letcher's "plan."

The Fruit Crop.—From all parts of the state we hear of fine prospects for the fruit crop. The peach orchards especially are said to present the most prolific appearance that has been noticed for many years.—*Del. Gazette.*

The document published in the New Orleans Morning Delta, purporting to be a protest from the commander of the French war vessel now lying in that port against the bombardment of the city by the Federal fleet, is pronounced a forgery. The Evening Delta of the same date says that it is "repudiated by the parties in whose name it purports to have been addressed."—*Memphis Evening Appeal.*

Hot Weather.—The weather is reported to be extremely warm at the South. On the 21st ultimo, the thermometer at Ship Island, according to a statement in the Boston Journal, stood 105 degrees.

Last Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Chapin, of New York, was unable to preach, and the congregation was surprised to find Horace Greeley officiating in the pulpit in his stead.

A Maine editor thus distinguishes between different sorts of patriotism:—"Some esteem it sweet and decorous to die for one's country; others regard it sweet to live for one's country; and yet others hold it to be sweeter still to live upon one's country."

Foreigners in the South.—At the late term of the Fulton (Georgia) Superior Court, Judge Bull, among other matters given in charge to the grand jury, recommended the prosecution of all foreign born citizens who have exercised the rights of citizenship and now claim exemption from military service in the Confederate army upon the ground that they are the subjects of a foreign government. He contended that they are guilty of a misdemeanor, and ought to be sent to the penitentiary.

John M. Botts, who has been imprisoned in Richmond for some months, has been released on condition of removing to the interior and holding no communication with any one except his own family.

Napoleon III is carrying the war into Africa—the war against time. He is having a line of wells sunk from the French colony of Algeria to the French colony of Senegal. Thus he will benefit commerce, and become one of the greatest of human benefactors. In Africa his name will be writ in water, and written immortally.

Returning to the Battle Field.—The sick and wounded soldiers in the West are fast recovering, and already they begin to return to their regiments at Pittsburg Landing. The Evansville (Indiana) Journal says crowds of them are daily passing through that city for the battle field.

The Nantucket Inquirer states that the School Committee of that town advertised last week for a teacher for the High School, with a salary of $900. The result has been that more than one hundred letters have been received from teachers all over the New England states, and a personal visit of some half a dozen teachers from the continent.

A young lady resides in Simcoe, whose throat has seriously troubled her for the past three years, and who at times has for days together been unable to speak above a whisper. Feeling her difficulty to be returning, a few days since, she put her finger in her throat, and, to her astonishment, withdrew a crooked pin, in an advanced state of decomposition.

Discovery of a Contraband in a Cotton Bale.—The Troy Whig is informed by an employee of the Harmony Mills, at Cohoes, that a curious discovery was made on opening a bale of cotton in one of the mills there last week. It was the finding of the remains of a negro child in a cotton bale—part of a supply of that article recently received from England. The remains, the informant states, were found in the centre of the bale.

There is no pleasing certain British Bulls. When the rebels beat us, they were angry because we would not submit to them; and now that we beat the rebels, they are more angry than ever that we do not make our success the occasion for surrendering the Union to the demands of the rebels. Whatever may be the course of the war, our duty is to admit that we have failed, that being the whole duty of the American man, according to such Bulls.

Memphis papers of the 17th inst. announce the National fleet opposite Vicksburg, having met no successful resistance. Fort Adams is 100 miles below Vicksburg.

Deserters from the rebel camp at Corinth report that Beauregard has under him 130,000 men, of whom 30,000 are placed as a reserve under Breckinridge. The rebels are suffering greatly from sickness—the average of invalids being 600 a day. All the houses along the Memphis and Charleston railroad are used as hospitals. The rifle pits around Corinth are said to be thirteen miles long.

NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans (rebel) papers contain the following:—

Sudden Changes.—Lafayette Square has undergone a sudden and violent change. The gay, gallant and luxuriant Confederate Guards, who, a few days ago occupied the grounds with their beautiful tents and sumptuous camp equipage, their gaslighted guard houses, and their elegantly dressed and most substantially conditioned soldiers, have suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, whither no one hereabouts can inform us; and even if we knew, Gen. Butler's proclamation would not permit us to say. Their places are occupied by a regiment, we believe, from Wisconsin, or some other northern state, of blue jacketed, sunburnt and very sedate-looking soldiers, who appear to have encountered much more of the hardships and exposure of war than the Confederates ever endured.—*Delta.*

United States Forces.—Several United States vessels arrived last evening, crowded with troops. Among them we recognized the Empire City, formerly running between this port and New York, and the Mississippi, of Boston. About six o'clock three regiments disembarked, and marching down the levee to Poydras street, thence to St. Charles and along Canal, were in part quartered in the Custom House. The remainder returned in the direction of their vessels. We are not aware that any demonstration was made by the populace during the march of these regiments. There are probably from five to six thousand United States soldiers, and more are expected.—*N. O. Delta, May 2d.*

Sharp.—A baker, residing in the First District, had over his door a year or more ago a flaming sign, with the words, "United States Bakery," and shortly afterwards it was "Confederate States Bakery." A few days ago he chalked out the word "Confederate," and it now stands "States Bakery," leaving a blank for what might turn up. The fellow is an old fox.

THE HOMESTEAD ACT.

The recent bill passed is a complete Homestead Act. The following is a synopsis of its provisions:—

All the lands owned by the government are open to settlement under it in quantities not exceeding 160 acres to each person.

Any person who is a citizen of the United States, or has declared intention to become such, who is 21 years old, or the head of a family, or has served in the military or naval service of the country during this rebellion, can make the entry on payment of ten dollars, and the fees of the register and receiver of the Land Office. That is all the settler has to pay at any time.

The act takes effect on the 1st of January next, and requires a residence and cultivation of 5 years to perfect the title.

Any person can enter, under this act, land on which he has a pre-emption claim.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stock of Flour are on the increase, and some 8000 bbls have been disposed of, partly for export, at irregular rates, including common Western and good Pennsylvania superfine at $4,75@5; some choice city mills do, $5,25; mixed Western and good Pennsylvania extras at $4,87½@5,50; do extra family at $5,12½@5,87½, and fancy brands at $6@6,50, as in quality. Rye Flour is arriving and selling slowly at about $3,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is rather more active, with sales of some 1800 bbls Pennsylvania to notice, mostly at $2,62½ ₱ bbl, and 1500 bbls Brandywine at a price kept private.

GRAIN.—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, and prices show a further decline of fully 2c ₱ bus this week, with sales of 40,000 bus, mostly prime Pennsylvania reds, taken for shipment, at $1,32@1,25, including some small lots of choice Southern do at $1,30, and Pennsylvania and Western white at $1,30@1,40, the latter for prime Kentucky, which price is now obtainable. Rye is lower, and 6000 bus Pennsylvania sold at 70@60c, mostly at the former figures for prime. Corn is also a shade lower, and in fair demand at the decline, with sales of 50,000 bus yellow at 54@53c for prime Southern, afloat; 56@52c for fair quality, and 49@48c for damaged lots, as in quality, and the latter unsaleable even at very low prices. Oats are without much change, and some 25,000 bus found buyers at 36c for prime Delaware, and 37@38c for Pennsylvania, the latter for 38 lbs. Barley is quiet, and the offerings very light. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at 95c.

PROVISIONS.—The market generally is firm but quiet, with a moderate business doing in bold Meats at $12¾@13 for Mess Pork, and $12 @13 for Western and city Mess Beef. 250 bbls Western Beef Rounds sold at $17@17¼ ₱ bbl. Of Bacon the sales have also been moderate at 6 @6c for plain and fancy Hams, and 6½@7c for sides, and the latter scarce. Shoulders are dull and offered at 5c, without sales. Of green Meats the sales have been to a fair extent, including 1500 pkgs in all, at 4¼@4¾c for Shoulders, in salt; 5¾@6c for sides, which are scarce, and 5¾ @6¼c for Hams, in salt and pickle, usual terms. Lard is steady, with sales of 800 pkgs, mostly at 8¾c, cash, for prime Western, in tcs and kegs, and 7¾@7¾c for country packed. Butter is very dull, sales ranging at 12@14c for Roll, and 8@9c for packed. Cheese is firm, and selling at 7@8c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 9@10c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The stock on sale is very much reduced, and the market rather more active at ¼ @¾c advance on previous quotations; about 300 bales have been disposed of at from 25 to 31c cash, the latter for middling fair quality.

ASHES continue firm and the sales moderate at $6@6,25 for Pots and Pearls.

BARK comes in slowly, and Quercitron meets with ready sale on arrival at $33,50 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is wanted at quotations, with but little offering or selling.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good yellow is worth 33c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The market continues active, and most kinds of Anthracite are scarce and in demand at a further advance. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3@3,10; Prepared do $3@3,10; Red Ash do $3,15@3,30; Lehigh Lump do $3,50; Prepared do $3,75, by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE.—The stocks and receipts of all kinds continue very light, and the market is rather better at the close, with sales of some 250 bags, mostly Rio, at 18¼@21c for common to prime quality, including Laguayra at 21@21¼c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER continues dull and unsettled; we notice further sales of Yellow Metal at 22c, and Nails at 23c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, good Western selling in lots at 43@44c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—Dried Fruit is dull and neglected, with a small business doing in Apples and Peaches at about previous quotations, and the latter very quiet.

HAY is less active, and good Timothy is selling at 70@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The market remains very quiet, and the stock nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are rather firmer, but without much doing in the way of sales, and prices range at 15@18c, as in quality.

IRON.—Holders of Pig Metal are firm in their views, with a small business doing in the way of sales. About 1000 tons Anthracite found buyers, in lots, at $23 for No 1 and $21 for No 2 on time. In manufactured Iron there is no change. American Bars are quoted at $55@60, and the best Rails at $47 ₱ ton the latter cash.

LEAD is quiet, and no further sales have come under our notice this week. There is not much Galena offering.

LUMBER.—There is a fair business doing for the season, and prices generally are well maintained. White Pine Boards selling at $15@16, Yellow Sap do $12@14, Laths $1,20@1,25, and Pickets at $6@6,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—Prime qualities continue in good demand and prices are better, with sales of 700 hhds at 34@35c for clayed, 37@38c for Cuba, Muscovado, and 35@38c for Porto Rico, on time. Syrup has also advanced.

PLASTER is arriving and selling more freely, and soft is quoted at $2,50 ₱ ton.

RICE is unchanged, and a small business doing in East India at 5¼@5¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—The active season is over, and there is very little offering or selling to alter quotations. Some small lots Cloverseed have been picked up at $4,50, and 200 bush Timothy sold at $1,75 ₱ bush. Flaxseed is wanted at $2 ₱ bush. and Red Top is steady at $3¼ ₱ sack.

SPIRITS.—The market for Brandy is firm, with about the usual business doing. Gins are also firm, but quiet. N E Rum is selling at 36@37c. Whiskey has been more active, with large sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls at 24@25c, the latter for prime; hhds 23c, and drudge at 22½, now held higher.

SUGARS.—The market is firm, and the demand good, both from the trade and the refiners, and 12,0 hhds have been taken on landing at fully former rates, mostly Cuba, within the range of 6¾@7¾c, and Porto Rico at 8@8¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW.—The offerings and sales are light, and the market firm at 8½@8c for Western and City, and 8¼c for country rendered.

TOBACCO is quiet, and prices are unsettled for most kinds, with a very reduced stock of manufactured to operate in.

WOOL continues almost at a stand still and the market is unsettled and drooping, the sales being mostly in small lots at irregular rates, including some unwashed at 25@30c, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1124 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 9¼ cents ₱ lb. 120 Cows brought from $30 to 40 ₱ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from $4 to 4,50 ₱ cwt gross. 1000 Hogs sold at $5,00 to 5,75 ₱ cwt net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, John R. Welsh, to Miss Ellen A. Packer, both of this city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Jos. Mason, Mr. Addison Brainard, of New York, to Rebecca, daughter of the late John Lloyd, of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. Joseph Royal, to Mrs. Mary Wallace, both of this city.

On the 8th of May, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. Harry F. Shepherd, to Miss Sallie Dunsford, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. Emile Rebichon, to Miss Fannie H. Smith, all of Frankford, Pa.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. Ellis Hume, to Miss Martha McCreedy.

On the 12th of May, 1852, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. William Darrah, to Miss Mary A. Worthington, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. R. Steele, D. D. at his residence, Abington, Pa., Mr. Henry H. Holloway, to Miss Cecilia M. Pawling, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d instant, Mr. John White, in his 63d year.

At Hamilton, Wayne county, Pa. on the 12th of May, Rev. Edwin Mendenhall, who was Rector of St. John's Church, at that place, for 17 years.

Suddenly, on the 20th instant, William Fairies, aged 84 years.

On Monday morning, 19th instant, Harriet B. daughter of John M. and Harriet Kennedy, aged 17 years.

On Saturday, 17th instant, Mariana Rita, daughter of Stephen Fuguet, in her 22d year.

At his residence near Westfield, N. J. on the 18th instant, Joseph Stokes, aged 75 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. Catharine Shankland, wife of Capt. Wm. Shankland, in her 65th year.

On the 19th instant, Charlotte T. Sharp, in her 24th year.

In Camden, N. J. on the 19th instant, Mr. John Page, in his 64th year.

Suddenly, on the 19th instant, Henry Brooks, in his 27th year.

On the 20th instant, Jacob Conrad, in his 66th year.

On the 18th instant, Esther, wife of the late John Dudley, in her 36th year.

On Monday morning, the 19th instant, George Esler, in his 80th year.

EMPLOYMENT.—A NEW ENTERPRISE. The Franklin Sewing Machine Company want a number of active Local and Travelling Agents. A liberal salary and expenses paid, or commission allowed. Address, with stamp,
HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.
(*Clip this out for reference.*) mh29-13t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My UNGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 24, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 to 50 dis.
Canada	par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	20 dis.
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Wit and Humor.

DOGS, MANURE AND SAUSAGES.

A funny story is told of one who, sick and tired of the hustle of city life, had retired and gone to farming, as the saying is. His land, albeit well situated and commanding sundry fine prospects, is not particularly fine as some we have seen, requiring scientific culture and a liberal system of manuring to induce abundant yield. So far by way of explanation.

Once upon a time, as the story books say, our friend being on a short visit to the city, was attending an auction sale down town, and it happened they were selling damaged sausages at the time. There were some eight or ten barrels of them, and they were just "going at fifty cents a barrel," when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness, remarked that they were worth more than that to manure land with. Here was an idea.—"Sixty-two and a-half cents—third and last call—gone!" retorted the auctioneer. "Cash takes them at sixty-two and a-half cents per barrel!"

To have them shipped to his country seat was the immediate work of our friend, and as it was planting time, and the sausages, to use a common phrase, "were getting to be no better fast," to have them safe under the ground and out of the way was the next movement. He was about to plant a field of seven acres of corn, the soil of the piney wood species; so here was just the spot for his experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geoponics. One "link" of sausage being deemed sufficient, that amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the usual number of kernels of corn, and an occasional pumpkin seed, and all were nicely covered up in the usual style. Now, after premising that several days have elapsed since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend and one of his neighbors.

"Well, friend, have you planted your corn?"

"Yes, several days since."

"Is it up yet?"

"Up? Yes, and gone, too, the most of it!"

"How is that?"

"Well, you see I bought a lot of damaged sausages the other day in New York, a smooth-tongued auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure, if nothing else. I brought the lot over and commenced planting a sausage in each hill, and—"

"Well, and what?"

"And I felt satisfied that I had made a great job of it. Some days afterward I went out to the field to see how my corn was coming on, and a pretty piece of business I have made by trying agricultural experiments!"

"Why, what was the matter?"

"Matter! the first thing I saw before reaching the field was the greatest lot of dogs digging and scratching all over it! There were my dogs, and your dogs, and all the neighbors' dogs, besides about three hundred strange dogs I never set eyes on before, and every one was hard at it mining after the buried sausages. Somehow or other, the rascally whelps had scented out the business, and they have dug up every hill by this time. If I could set every dog of them on that auctioneer, I'd be satisfied."

MISTAKES NOT CORRECTED.

Of Jesse Lee, the early apostle of Methodism in New England, it is related that one day while travelling on horseback, he fell in with two lawyers, who, taking a place on either side of him, began to quiz him. They asked if he was a man of liberal education.

"Sufficiently," he said, "to get about the country."

They inquired if he wrote his sermons. He replied in the negative.

"But do you not sometimes make mistakes, for instance in quoting Scripture?"

"Perhaps so, sometimes, but not often."

"When you find you have made a mistake, do you not correct it?"

"Not always; if it involves nothing essential, I let it pass. The other day I tried to repeat the passage where it says 'the devil is a liar, and the father of them;' I got it, 'the devil is a lawyer, and the father of them;' but I hardly thought it necessary to rectify so unimportant an error?"

By this time one of the young sprigs was prompted to remark to the other, that he hardly knew whether the fellow was a knave or a fool.

Lee glanced meaningly on either hand, and replied—

"Perhaps between the two."

The young gentlemen by this time concluded to leave the itinerant to his own meditations.

Sudden Growth.—A Yankee lad, whose father was a "down East" farmer, went into the barn-yard to play, a short time ago, and, being detained a prisoner by a thunder-storm, he fell asleep on a bag of guano. The old gentleman, when the storm was over, went into the barn-yard to look after his son, and met a giant eight feet high coming out of the barn.

"Hallo! who are you?" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

"Why, father," squeaked the Goliah, "it's me. Don't you know Tommy?"

"You!" exclaimed the now astonished parent. "Why, Tommy, how on earth did you get pulled out so long in so short a time?"

"Why, father," replied the boy, looking down upon the gaping old man, "I slept on those bags of guano you put in the barn, and them and the lightning together has done the business."

☞ An old Jew, who sold exclusively for cash, said that he did it for the benefit of his neighbors. He did not wish to see them "deep in debt mit him, ven dey ish got no monish to pay mit."

Names.—Two boys of tender age, who went by the names of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain New England town. On making their appearance, the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their names, ages, etc. "Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to the one, "what is your name?" "Tom," promptly responded the juvenile. "Tom does not sound well. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said Thom-as. Now, my son," turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly-comprehended idea, "now, then, can you tell me what your name is?" "Jack-*ass*," replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision. This is a new version of the old story of "Sam-uel" and "Jim-uel," and we think decidedly better than the original.

Not "That Other Man."—A story is told of an old Cleveland deacon, who just after Lincoln started on his journey for Washington, went to an evening prayer-meeting, and being somewhat in a hurry, went down immediately on his knees and made an earnest prayer in behalf of the President of the United States, asking that God would strengthen him and bless him in all his undertakings, &c. Rising from his knees, he left the church, apparently having an earnest call elsewhere. Presently he returned in a great hurry, and plumping again on his knees, thus addressed himself:—"Oh! Lord, it may be as well for me to add as an explanation to my prayer just uttered, that by the President of the United States, I meant honest old Abe Lincoln, and not that other chap who is yet sitting in the national nest, and for whom I don't care shucks, Amen!"

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS IN NORMANDY.

The constant and anxious surveillance which mothers and other elderly relatives exercise over the young women, is a positive proof of their frailty; for it is the remembrance of what they themselves once felt, and the observation of what is daily taking place around them, in spite of duennaship, which makes them thus suspicious and vigilant. They have, it would seem, no notion of that "deity in the bosom," which in some countries is supposed to be the best guardian of a woman's honor; and preferred depending upon material lets and hindrances to love. For this reason, the daughter, as I have already observed, if there be but one, always sleeps with her mother, goes to church with her mother, visits with her mother, makes love, or has it made to her, in her mother's presence. If there be many daughters, which seldom happens in France, they all sleep in the same apartment with their mother, who thus comes to be regarded in the light of a spy. It may be doubted, however, whether all this vigilance and restraint be productive of much good. The powers of invention, which are naturally very great in womankind, are only by these means made more active and vigorous; and many a girl of seventeen, who might, under ordinary circumstances, have been remarkable for her simplicity, is thus rendered a very Machiavel in the politics of love. These circumstances cause the women here to regard the state of marriage as the Lacedæmonians did that of war—as a state of liberty; and to plot, scheme, and long for it, as captives long for a delivery from bondage.—*St. John's Journal of a Residence in Normandy.*

Singular Discoveries in the Swiss Lakes.—Recent discoveries show that at some primeval period a population of very considerable density lived in huts constructed on stages which rested on wooden supports driven into the bed of almost every Swiss lake, just as the Malays in Borneo, and the Siamese in Bangkok may be seen living to this day. A wonderful number of articles pertaining to the daily life of those forgotten races have been brought to light. In some places the materials of the dwellings have been preserved in the mud; the floor of hardened earth and the twisted branches and bark which formed the walls. Arms have been discovered in great quantities, tools, from swords in flint to needles in bone, ornaments, children's toys, the remains of stored-up fruits of various kinds; nay, even a cellar or receptacle full of corn, and a loaf of bread composed of bruised grain, and preserved by carbonization. By the side of these relics are found the bones of the animals which they slew in the chase, many belonging to species extinct before the rise of history, or barely mentioned in it. The urus, the bison, the elk, and the beaver furnished them with food, and with the materials for some of their most ingeniously constructed utensils. So plentiful and perfect are the remains found in the lakes that much more has been learned concerning the daily life and manners of men whose existence was not suspected ten years ago than is known of races which have left a famous name in history or tradition.

Madame De Staël.—The French Corinne was said to exercise a strange magnetic power on those who came into the region of her presence, were she never once to open her mouth, from which eloquence flowed in torrents. "I can now, about twelve months ago," says a lady writer, "distinctly call to remembrance her proud, ugly, yet indescribably superb head; but more especially a pair of eyes, that sparkled like a pair of living coals."

☞ A day or two ago, as our little Annie was running at full speed on the sidewalk, she had a serious fall. Her knees and forehead were badly bruised, and the skin grazed from the arm. That night, as she was being undressed for bed, she looked pitifully at her numerous wounds, and sorrowfully exclaimed to her mamma—"Oh, dear! what dreadful times these war times are!"

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

Gent (in Photographic Studio).—"A—look 'ere, you know, mister, I don't want my picture published, you know, but if any pretty gal, or rich young widder should want a copy, why you can sell it to her, you know!"

KITE STRINGS.

These are very important articles; for what is your kite good for if you have no string? The sticks may be slender and firm, and evenly balanced, the paper strong, and the tail just of the right weight and length; but what can you do with your kite if you have no string? You may throw it up, but it will not stay up. You may go upon the house-top and cast it off, but it will neither go higher nor stay there, but sink speedily to the ground. But see that ball of nice white twine! Your father saw that you wanted it, and so he brought it home when he came from business. You fasten it to your kite, go out when a fine breeze is blowing, and now how well behaved your kite is, and how nicely it soars; up, up, it rises till it is almost out of sight. But suppose there is a little flaw in that string, and it breaks, or some rude boy comes along and cuts it near your hand, what now of your kite? How soon it feels the cut in the string, and begins to plunge and reel, crazy, it would seem, to enjoy its liberty; but, alas! to enjoy it only for a moment, for down, down it comes, and is all torn and broken in a tree top, or soiled and lost in a pool of mud.

So it is with the boy or girl that breaks loose from restraint. Sometimes children think it would be a nice thing to get away from a parent's or teacher's government or control; but that is the string by which they rise, if ever, to places of eminence and usefulness in the world. Cut it, and they are like the kite with a broken string, that reels, and sinks, and is lost. "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light."

Discovery of Gutta Percha.—In the same year in which Professor Morse was making his experiments respecting electrical currents through water, Dr. Montgomerie, one of the medical staff of the East India Company, was walking in the woods near to Singapore, when he discovered a parang in the hands of a Malay, the handle of which was made of a material which he had never seen before. He asked the man what it was, and his inquiry resulted in the discovery of gutta percha.

☞ The practice of pulling or boxing children's ears as a means of punishment, deserves a severe rebuke, as it might be productive of very serious consequences to hearing; cases have come under our notice where the drumhead has been ruptured by a box on the ear, and when diseases of the nervous structure of the ear followed such irrational punishment.—*Lighthill's Treatise.*

☞ Nature preaches cheerfulness; as she covers forgotten graves with flowers."

Agricultural.

FRUIT TREES.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written against allowing a tree of any kind to grow so as to form a crotch, most persons will persist in permitting many young trees to grow with two equal branches, thus forming a crotch, which is very liable to be split by the wind, or by a large burden of fruit.—Procure a carriage bolt, of the proper length, and bore a hole through the crotch, so that the bolt may be seen at the junction of the limbs, after it has been driven in. Put a large washer at the head of the bolt, and one at the nut, and screw it up tightly. Many a valuable tree has been, and may be saved, in this way, from being split down at the crotch.

Remedy for Barren Fruit Trees.—Some fruit trees will never produce any *good* fruit, and some will not bear even *poor* fruit. I had several such trees, and every effort failed to make them bear fruit, but this one. We erected a portable fence around each one, and kept a pig or two in the enclosure. Four pane's, about sixteen feet long, of light board fence, were placed around a tree, and simply nailed together at the corners. After the pigs had been in that pen about a month, they were removed to another tree. If this remedy fails to produce good fruit, after they have been well manured and re-grafted, then let the trees be cut down. Make a high board pen around plum trees, for young chickens, and keep them there until they are old enough to run at large, and see if they will not destroy or frighten away the curculio, and thus save a crop of plums. The experiment is worthy of trial, as it promises good results.

Some people do their churning with a sheep, and keep him tied to a tree, or tethered in the yard when he is not churning. Let him be tied to a fruit tree, after protecting it so that he cannot gnaw the bark off, and see if this means will not produce a crop of plums, cherries, peaches or other fruit.—*Country Gentleman.*

FUEL.

It is a common mistake among farmers to burn wood the same year it is cut. Two cords of dry wood will give more heat than three cords in an unseasoned state.

When the moisture in the burning wood is being evaporated, it has the power of taking up heat; its own bulk is increased one-five-hundredth part for every degree of heat added, and it travels up the chimney or stove-pipe with the heat. If wood be cut two years before its use, it will be found much more economical; all the heat will be radiated in the room, or at least a very much larger portion than when it is accompanied by moisture.

When under steam boilers, green wood will not make steam, at least in the boiler, for the heat is used in converting the water of the wood itself into steam; it passes through the flues into the chimney, without heating the boiler.

This is true not only of the wood, but also in degree of coal, especially bituminous coal, which, when wet, radiates but little heat, the majority passing up the chimney. Even anthracite coal is capable of holding some water. It should always be carted on a dry day, and placed under cover for winter's use.—*Working Farmer.*

TO PRESERVE TOOLS FROM RUST.

Tools of a fine character and polished, if first rendered warm, and then dipped in a saturated lime water, permitting them to dry quickly, will be protected many months from rust. The shovel manufacturers pursue this plan—so also do the manufacturers of razors and other polished cutlery; the film of carbonate of lime formed is so slight, as not to dim the polish, while its ability to absorb moisture protects the surface of the metal.

For the rougher tools of the farm, which have become polished by use, it is better to apply a thin varnish, made by dissolving one ounce of gum shellac in one quart of alcohol; at ninety-five degrees of strength the alcohol evaporates immediately, leaving a very thin coating of shellac, which will not peel off, and which is entirely water-proof. This is the gum used on the inside of hats to render them water-proof, and it will thoroughly prevent the rusting of ploughshares, spades, knives of reaping machines, etc. We frequently see it recommended to coat bright tools with beeswax, oils, etc. It is true that for a time these substances will protect the surfaces from rust, but when the oxydation does commence, it is more severe than when they are not used. If applied at all, they should be wiped off again, leaving only so much as will scarcely be perceptible.—*Working Farmer.*

The Time to Prune Trees.—At a late discussion of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Horticultural Society, Mr. Quinn, of Newark, N. J., said he would prune in winter for wood and in summer for fruit; in other words, to encourage the growth of wood, pruning should be done in winter; to encourage fruit bearing, it should be done in summer. The object should be to keep the tree in the form of a cone.

KILL THE MILLERS.

A farmer in New Jersey, says:—

Some ten years ago I purchased the property where I now live. The former owner, being quite a man for fruit, had set a large variety of trees. The farm was noted for producing more fruit, and greater variety, probably, than any other farm in the neighborhood.

At the time of my purchase the trees were on the decline. The cherry and plum trees were covered with black knots, and the fruit was wormy and worthless, so that I was about to cut them down and supply their places with shade trees; but disliking to part with the fruit, and observing that the enemies were at one stage of the existence in the form of a miller, my plan was to destroy them while in that stage. With that object in view, and observing that they were fond of a light, in the early part of the summer of 1855, I commenced their destruction.

To do this I elevated a brisk blaze about five feet from the ground in the vicinity of my trees. The first evening, between eight and eleven o'clock, the millers destroyed might have been counted by hundreds, which gradually diminished, so that at the end of one week, there were none to destroy. I then discontinued my fire until the latter part of summer, when I discovered another crop of millers, and again built them a blaze. I have followed the same course whenever the candles have drawn them, to give them a light of their own, which has been twice in the summer.

Now for the result:—My trees have gradually resumed their former rich green; those knots have fallen from the cherry and plum trees; and this year the crop of Morella cherries has been probably as large as they ever were, and that on trees that were considered worthless five years since, and the fruit, both cherries and plums, not wormy.

Horse Radish.—We see long directions given for the cultivation of this, perhaps the easiest and simplest raising of all esculents. It requires a rich, moist, deep soil: plant pieces of the root, with a portion of the crown, a foot apart, a couple of inches under ground, and let them alone, except to remove grass and weeds, and you will have horse radish ever after. Persons who have springs or streams upon their premises, can plant along them where the soil is moist and in good condition, and a crop for a lifetime may be pretty surely calculated on, provided the whole crop is not used up, and a little care is taken to stick slips in the ground occasionally in fall or spring.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Useful Receipts.

To Remove Foreign Substances from the Ear.—Draw the ear upwards and outwards to straighten the canal as much as possible, then direct the child to incline the head to the side of the affected ear, until it reaches a horizontal position, when, by gently shaking the head, the object, if not too large, will generally drop out. Should this not have the desired effect, throw some lukewarm water with a syringe into the ear, and the body may be carried away with the reflux. The water should not be syringed in straight, lest, by hitting the object directly, it might drive it still farther into the ear, but should be directed more towards the walls of the canal. Whilst syringing, the child's head should be inclined a little to the side affected, so that the exit, of both the water and the object, may be facilitated. Should the foreign body be of a porous or spongy nature, (which absorb fluids quickly,) the use of water is inadmissible, as it would increase the bulk of the object, and increase the mischief in consequence. To get rid of live insects which enter the ear, the canal should be filled with warm water or warmed sweet oil, which will quickly destroy them.—*Lighthill's Treatise.*

The Measles.—A correspondent of the Detroit Advertiser says that a decoction of oats is infallible for the cure of measles. Take a pint of oats, and put them into a tight vessel; pour on boiling water, and let it stand a short time; then give it to the sick person to drink. It must be pretty warm. In fifteen minutes you will see a change for the better.

Corn Meal Pudding.—Take 1 quart of mush, and cool it with new, sweet milk (not quite as much milk as mush), 5 eggs, ½ teacupful of sugar, 1 teacupful of flour, a little salt and soda or quick yeast, and ground cinnamon if liked. Bake 1 hour in a moderately slow oven, and eat with sauce. Some prefer to use no sugar in the pudding itself, but to eat with butter, sugar and nutmeg mixed.—*American Agriculturist.*

Indian Meal Pies.—Stir a small teacupful of very *fine* ground Indian meal into 2 quarts of boiling milk. When nearly cool, add 5 beaten eggs, and sweeten to taste, like a custard, adding spice and orange peel, if desired. Bake with a crust, the same as custard pies.—*American Agriculturist.*

Butter Cakes.—To half a pound of butter add the same quantity of brown sugar, three eggs, the rind of two lemons, quarter of an ounce of pounded cinnamon, and half the quantity of powdered ginger; work into it as much flour as will make it a paste; cut it into shapes or leave it whole, and strew over the top some pounded almonds and candied orange-peel. Bake in a slow oven.

Wise Men Not Always Wise.—When the application of coal gas to the lighting of streets was first suggested, Sir Walter Scott said, "It can't be done, it is only the dream of a lunatic;" and Sir Humphry Davy, on being told that the time would come when all London would be lighted with gas, said, "It is all nonsense; you might as well talk of lighting London with a slice of the moon, as to light London with gas."

The Riddler.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 6, 7, 9, 26, 16, 26, 28, 3, is a semi-tone which changes its name and degree on the staff.

My 6, 23, 11, 7, 22, 2, 12, 22, 20, 15, is a term signifying to begin loud, and gradually diminish the sound.

My 8, 16, 3, 21, is a term signifying that the music is to be played as it is written.

My 10, 12, 24, 24, 16, is a term signifying moderately loud.

My 14, 25, 8, 21, 6, 19, is a succession of sweet sounds.

My 17, 5, is a note of the musical scale.

My 18, 4, 22, 6, is a figure in music of the same form as a slur.

My 20, 15, 27, is a figure equal to half the preceding note.

My 20, 15, 1, 3, 25, is a term signifying softly.

My 22, 5, 20, 2, 13, 9, 1, is a figure which brings a note (raised or lowered) to its original place.

My whole is the name of a grand opera and its composer. GAHMEW.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 1, 15, 12, 22, a son of Faunus.

My 30, 20, 10, 7, 3, 1, 8, 37, 23, a friend of Adrian.

My 19, 31, 27, 4, 12, 28, an Egyptian idol.

My 30, 25, 5, 10, 33, 27, 22, 19, a nymph of Diana's train.

My 4, 1, 15, 15, 33, 27, 22, is a son of Jupiter.

My 20, 12, 1, 22, was one of the seven wise men of Greece.

My 4, 25, 27, 10, 27, 28, was a noble Roman.

My 4, 27, 28, 12, 27, 7, 22, was an Egyptian King.

My 15, 1, 15, 27, 22, was a renowned robber of Italy.

My 15, 1, 6, 17, 27, 22, was a prince of Phœnicia.

My 15, 5, 25, 14, 28, is the god of harvests.

My 21, 30, 2, 19, 24, was the daughter of a King of Argos.

My 33, 7, 1, 9, 30, is the goddess of hunting.

My 6, 12, 23, is a name for Pluto.

My 8, 35, 14, 20, 27, 23, was an infernal deity.

My 20, 24, 4, 8, was a daughter of Jupiter and Juno.

My 26, 8, 25, 16, was a fair priestess of Venus.

My 26, 16, 17, 8, 25, was a great Grecian poet.

My 18, 16, 25, 27, 18, is the market-place in the Roman cities.

My 11, 5, 25, 20, 34, 25, 7, 1, 9, is a name for the aqueous theory of the earth.

My whole is a proverb. C. H. BAKER.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a plane triangle containing 100 acres is 600 perches, and the angles at the extremities of the base are as 5 to 8. Required—the sides of the triangle, true to eight places of decimals? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain field, 40 rods long and 32 rods wide, is planted with corn, the rows being 6 feet from the fence, and 4 feet apart each way, each hill bears 6 ears, each ear 18 rows of 50 grains each. What will the corn growing on this field amount to at 62½ cts. per bushel, providing 1,500 grains make a pound, and 56 pounds a bushel?

Enon Valley, Pa. A. D. YOUNG.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the treadmill like a true convert? Ans.—Because its turning is the result of conviction.

☞ Why should a gouty man make his will? Ans.—To have his legatees (leg at ease.)

☞ When is a plant to be dreaded more than a mad dog? Ans.—When it is madder.

☞ When did the schoolmaster say, "Very like a whale?" Ans.—When he examined the boy's back after flogging him.

☞ Why are the people of the United States like judges in a court of law? Ans.—They are guided by precedents (Presidents).

☞ Why is a young lady who has had her likeness taken like one who is calumniated? Ans.—Because she is misrepresented (Miss represented).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—John Hancock, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Jefferson and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. CHARADE.—Jewsharp. CHARADE.—Cri-no-line. REBUS.—Georgia—Atlanta. (Georgia, Egypt, Ortegal, Russia, Great Britain, Independent, Arabia.) DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.—27, 64 and 133.

Messrs. Editors:—Answer to ENIGMA by F., published May 17th.—Major-General Don Carlos Buell. Tell F. he must try again?

GAHMEW.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH sends the following answers:—

Answer to MATHEMATICAL QUESTION by W. George, published March 8th.—Area of walk 1 acre, 34 square perches, 23 square yards, and the walk around the garden is 11 yards, 1 foot, 9 11-16 inches.

Answer to PROBLEM by S., published March 22nd.—A.'s fortune, $5,909.76 33-43, and B.'s $7,047.20 40-43.

Answer to PROBLEM by Reuben Barto, published April 5th.—A. must take 46.887112 yards, and B. 53.112887 yards of said muslin.

Answer to PROBLEM by P. H. Leonhard, published April 12th.—The centre of house must be at the distance of 15 miles, 37 perches, 15 feet and a little better than 7 inches from any of the three supposed towns.

ARTEMAS MARTIN also sends answer to last.—15.11856 miles.

☞ I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up? Wheat, barley, or oats? No, a policeman, who ordered me to remove it.